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NAUTICUS

ON

HIS HOBBY HORSE

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF A SAILOR DURING A TRICYCLE CRUISE OF 1427 MILES.

LONDON:
WILLIAM RIDGWAY, 169, PICCADILLY, W.
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Price Eighteen Pence.

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COVENT GARDEN.

PREFACE.

THE contents of this little book were originally written for my private journal: they are now (by request) published *pour encourager les autres.*

The distances were obtained from people on the spot, but their correctness is not guaranteed.

"NAUTICUS."

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NAUTICUS ON HIS HOBBY HORSE.

BEING about to start for Liverpool to see a relative off on a long voyage, it occurred to me that I should have a good opportunity of making some practical use of my tricycle, by running on it from there to the Lakes, and thence to cruise through some of the great cathedral and manufacturing towns of old England.

Happy thought! so without more ado, away went the machine by rail, my friend and myself following soon after.

Appended is a rough log of my proceedings.

June 12*th.*—LIVERPOOL TO ORMSKIRK.

Having seen —— safely embarked, I returned to the hotel, got into 'cycling costume (the oldest clothes in my possession), and packed my somewhat spacious knapsack, with a shift of clothing, washing gear, slippers, map, guide-book, mackintosh, and last but not least (as will be seen hereafter), paper collars; having strapped it to the back-bone of my tricycle, I squared yards with the hotel authorities, and shaped course for Ormskirk; at least I thought so but it was not to be, for on inquiring the way a little further on, I was sent in a different direction, and my next informant told me, with a broad grin, that "I'd come

wrong altogether." At length after dodging about the suburbs for some time, the right track was struck, and the great maritime city soon sunk below the horizon.

What a mania they have for rough paving in this part of the world, for not only are the towns, villages, and bridges paved, but every four or five miles or so, one comes across a patch in between, without any apparent reason for it; good economy no doubt, but no joke for a poor 'cyclist with artificial grinders; several times this afternoon it was difficult to tell whether I had bolted mine or not; happily on mustering them at Ormskirk their number proved to be correct, and much relieved in my mind, I amused myself by watching the animated bartering going on from the booths, in the streets of that quaint old town.

Day's run :—Liverpool to Ormskirk, 14 miles; sent out of my way, 4 miles; total run, 18 miles.

June 13*th*.—Ormskirk to Preston.

During breakfast this morning, the waiter brought me a card; on expressing my opinion that "it could not be for me as I was a stranger," he replied, "the gentleman is very anxious to see you." Thinking it must be a detective in disguise come to arrest me for some (unknown to myself) dreadful crime, I directed him to be shown in. He proved to be a most genial and enthusiastic fellow tricyclist, who having heard last night that a distinguished traveller had arrived in the town, had taken the earliest opportunity for paying his respects; at the same time requesting permission to examine my vehicle, which needless to say was

readily granted, and it ended in our starting off at 11 o'clock together: his mount being a "Salvo."

We ran in company to a village about six miles out, then having toasted each other in bumpers of soda and (ah! that's just where you make the mistake) milk, we parted, and I pursued the even tenor of my way to Preston; at least as even as the eccentricities of the road would admit of; and when jolting along, it passed through my mind, that if anyone troubled with the liver complaint, were to drive a few miles daily on these roads, it would soon be a case of kill or cure for him. Arrived at Preston at 1.30 P.M.

In the afternoon I walked out, admired the town hall, noticed the many merry excursion parties bound to different parts of the country, promenaded Miller Park, then like a dear good boy I went to church; on my return from which, I found the glass had fallen, which affected my spirits likewise, for on a trip of this kind one is painfully dependent upon the weather. Before turning in it commenced to pour.

N.B.—My Coventry machinist's rotatory machine appeared to run more quickly and easily than my friend's "Salvo."

Day's run:—Ormskirk to Preston, 19 miles.

June 14th.—PRESTON TO KENDAL.

What with mud, mire, stones, hills, and a strong head-wind, I had a pretty lively time of it to-day.

Ironical friend. "And this is what you call pleasure?"

Answer. "Well, whatever it may prove to be, I'm in for it, and come what may I don't intend to show the white feather to you, nor any other man."

To relate—It rained all night and up to 10.30 this morning, when I made a start through a sea of mud: on my word it was like driving the machine through liquid gutta-percha. After going some distance this became slightly monotonous, and gauging the footpath with my eye I calculated that it was just broad enough to run upon; thoughts of fines, &c., caused me to postpone the movement, but after a time the temptation to travel upon its firm, smooth surface, overcame all my scruples of conscience, and I was soon rattling along upon it as fast as its narrow limits would admit of: ticklish work, steady hand, eyes to the front, or a "howler" would have been the consequence.

2 P.M. Sighted Lancaster on the port bow. Hove to at the "County," where after cleaning myself, I had something to eat.

4.30. Weighed and proceeded through the narrow streets of that ancient little capital. I then tackled the somewhat hilly, and decidedly slushy road to Milnthorpe, a picturesque little place, near which a fine view of Morecambe Bay was obtained; beyond Milnthorpe the country became more sterile, and the course hilly, and rough to Kendal, where I was glad to find myself at 9.30 P.M., feeling that I'd had quite enough of it for one day.

Distance:—Preston to Kendal, viâ Lancaster, 45 miles. Road muddy, sticky, stoney, the latter part hilly, rode on the footpath occasionally. Wind strong against.

June 15*th*.—KENDAL TO KESWICK.

Rather stiff this morning, so I was glad to hear that *the roads* to and about the Lakes were very bad, and

as I only wanted to reconnoitre for another occasion, I decided to leave my tricycle behind and to see as much as I could in two days, then to return and continue the cruise on three wheels.

Took 10.30 train to Windermere, and went on by 'bus from there to Ambleside, where after waiting a few minutes, we continued by the pretty road to Grasmere; on the way we saw the former residences of poets Wordsworth and Coleridge, and had occasional peeps of charming Rydal Water.

I had a capital view of the lovely little lake from the top of a hill close to the hotel, from there I made a pilgrimage to the poets' tombs, and went over the *beau ideal* of an old fashioned country church, which they want to restore? How my fingers itched to tear down the subscription list.

But my indignation cooled rapidly under the influence of a strong north-easter on the top of the coach when *en route* to Keswick.

I could *not* see that old lady playing the harmonium on the top of one of the hills, although Coachee swore she was there as usual.

We had a fine panoramic view of Keswick Valley before descending into the town. After securing a room at the Queen's, I set off for Castle Rock, from the summit of which Derwentwater looked its best. The lake with its blue water, dotted with gems of islands lay peacefully before me, surrounded by mountains frowning with heavy masses of clouds; a valley here and there lighted up by the golden rays of the setting sun completed a perfect picture for my delighted eye.

As a proof of my enthusiasm being genuine, I

actually roused out at six the next morning and climbed to the same point again. Alas! a flood of bright sunshine had destroyed the charm of the scene; and my time would have been more profitably spent in the arms of "Murphy."

I had half a mind to go the regular tour, but leaving that pleasure for my honeymoon, or some other time when I should have good company, I started on my return journey.

June 16*th.*—KESWICK TO CLAPHAM.

Left by the early coach to Grasmere and Ambleside, whence I went by boat to Bowness, just to say I had "done" Windermere, and from Bowness I journeyed back to Kendal as fast as 'bus and train would carry me.

4.30 P.M. Mounted my steel steed and went ahead, with the intention of going as far as possible before dark.

I paddled my way o'er hill and dale through a wild country, which reminded me very much of New Zealand, until wearied by the rough travelling, I determined to put up at the village which now hove in sight, even if a barn were to be my quarters for the night; but on asking a pedestrian, I found to my relief that there was a good inn, in what proved to be the pretty little hamlet Clapham (Yorkshire) where I arrived at 9 P.M.

Note.—I had a lovely view from the bridge at Kirby Lonsdale.

Distance:—Kendal to Clapham, 26 miles; rough and hilly, a gale on the beam.

June 17*th.*—CLAPHAM TO KILLINGHALL.

The landlady and her charming daughters made me

so comfortable that it was 9.15. this morning before I could tear myself away from their attractions.

It was blowing a furious north-east gale, which being on the beam did not inconvenience me much; but one heavy squall very nearly caused me to turn turtle, then a bend of the road bringing it aft, it spun me along at a tremendous pace; and although the road was level, I had to bring the brake into requisition to keep the machine under control.

The mountain scenery was very fine and the running fairly good to Skipton (viâ Settle), where I partook of the "ordinary" with some "commercial gents" as the waiter called them; then denying myself the pleasure of visiting the Castle, and the celebrated cliffs in the neighbourhood, I pushed on to Bolton Bridge and Abbey; a place one should stay at for some weeks with a jolly party of friends to enjoy thoroughly. For my part I was anxious to get on, and after looking round the ruins, and seeing some of the lovely views of that delightful locality, I vaulted into the saddle again and "wired in," with the idea of sleeping at Ripley if possible.

My usually equable temper was sadly tried by the confoundedly hilly, rutty, ill-conditioned (if it wasn't too much trouble I would hunt up a few more uncomplimentary adjectives) track, for that is the only name it deserves; and when it did improve a little, and I tried to put on some speed, my charger bothered me by every now and then taking it into his head suddenly to fly across the road; and once or twice he very nearly succeeded in depositing me into the middle of the ditch.

I may explain that this was caused by the hind wheel getting into a rut.

Another vexatious occurrence took place as follows:—On coming to a dangerous looking hill, I stopped and examined the roller of the brake which, as usual, was choked by grit. Having cleared and oiled it I slowly commenced the descent, and was gradually bringing the brake to bear, when there was a jar and then a stronger one. I jumped off, and ascertained that the tire of the brake wheel had come adrift. I lashed it on, but did not think it safe to use the brake again, which was a bore: because I was obliged either to "tread back" or to walk down, anything like a steep decline; instead of cocking up my legs and "letting rip," a most expeditious and delightful way of getting over the ground.

Now, if I had carelessly run down that hill, and put on the brake when at a high speed, the tire by "puckering up" would have stopped the wheel from revolving, and we should have turned sundry somersaults, with more or less disastrous results to man and steed.

To continue—After a time we managed to struggle on to Blubberhouses; which is quite an oasis, there being a pretty view of the lake which supplies Leeds with water; this cheered me up again, for the solitary and desolate country through which I had just passed had given me a touch of the "blues."

Beyond that place the roads became worse than ever, and another *contretemps* took place.

Whilst blundering along over the stones, I saw a pony and trap coming; the animal did not exhibit the least fear until we were nearly abreast of one another, when he began to bound about in all directions to the alarm of the passengers. I hopped off, and they jumped out; just in time to see the trap go right over on its

beam ends. We quickly unharnessed the pony, and uprighted the vehicle, which was only slightly damaged; then, after seeing them fairly under way, I remounted.

Starboarded my helm when near Harrogate, and shortly afterwards made the lights of a village which I took to be Ripley, and only discovered my mistake after putting my mate to bed; but, on hearing that Ripley Hotel was generally full, I decided to make the best of *the* inn at Killinghall, and sent the landlady into fits of laughter by innocently asking for the parlour. However, I might literally "have gone farther and fared worse," for the kitchen was spotless, the tea well made, the company cheery, the bed comfortable, and the bill moderate (four shillings all told), and what more could a man want for a night's lodging.

I have been lucky in just missing the rain all along the route, they have had plenty of it here.

Distance run:—Clapham to Killinghall, viâ Skipton, Bolton Abbey, 54 miles. Strong gale on beam, and abominable roads most of the way. Left Bolton Abbey at 6.30 P.M., arrived at Killinghall at 10 P.M.

June 18th.—KILLINGHALL TO YORK.

Fellow 'cyclists will understand the feelings of pleasure which animated my breast this morning, when after all my bucketting about, I found myself running along a firm smooth road lined by hedges in full bloom: while on every side were parks, meadows, cultivated fields, mansions, cottages, and other signs of civilization. Imagine me then in the seventh heaven when tooling along from Killinghall to Ripley and Ripon; from whence (having ascertained

the way) I at once proceeded to Fountains Abbey; where a rare treat was in store for me.

I joined a party at the gates: we walked through a mile of beautiful gardens, adorned by ornamental trees and waters, well trimmed shrubs, and lawns to the ruins; which though badly situated for effect, are magnificently grand in themselves.

I was more delighted probably than most people, because I have been nearly all my life at sea, or in the new world, where buildings have a monotonous spick and span appearance, and I have often sighed for the sight of a piece of ivy.

The *tout ensemble* of the interior was very fine; and when looking round at the refectory, and the numerous outbuildings, I could not help thinking what a jolly time of it those jovial abbots and monks must have had in the good old days of Merrie England.

The tower and crypt are in a wonderful state of preservation, but what "bad form" it was on the part of those people, who pulled down portions of this sacred edifice, in order that they might make use of the material to "build their own chimneys higher."

Bolton Abbey owes its celebrity to its lovely and romantic situation on the banks of the river Wharfe, and the splendid woods in its neighbourhood; but as a ruin it cannot be compared to Fountains Abbey.

Having discussed these and other weighty matters with the members of my party, I left them to sketch, and finding my way out I tricycled back to Ripon, and refreshed the inner man. At 3.30 inspected the cathedral, and attended the afternoon service.

5.45 started for York.

I consider Yorkshire ostlers to be a very good-

natured set because they always try to put the condition of the roads, and the difficulties of the way in the most favourable light. For instance, my "Unicorn" friend at Ripon informed me that as yet I had travelled over the worst roads in the country, but that now I might look forward to running on the best; as I was bound from a cathedral town to the capital of the county, I thought this very natural, and believed him, but I was soon undeceived.

It was all right to Barrowbridge, six miles, then my uncomplaining companion was very hardly used, and my sympathizing heart was deeply touched, to see how the poor thing was bumped, and banged, and knocked about, in fact I expected it to "strike" every minute; but as the tire was well lashed on, and the machine strongly constructed, it withstood the jars and strains very well. Fortunately the road was dry and tolerably level, or I should never have fetched York to-night; as it was, although I did not stop anywhere, even for a liquor, we did not come to an anchor until 10 o'clock, both of us being quite ready for a Spell, Oh!

Distances:—Killingham to York, viâ Ripon, Fountains Abbey, &c., 42 miles; about 17 miles of bad road, remainder very good.

June 19*th*.—York and Castle Howard.

After breakfast went to the Minster. The exterior is very imposing; but the first view of the magnificent nave was impressively sublime; nearly bringing tears to my eyes; and I am not very squeamish, at least so my friends tell me.

Having duly admired the "five sisters," the east and west windows, the tombs, chapter-house, and crypt, I

went aloft to the top of the tower, and under my nose saw this celebrated old city with its ancient walls and bars, tiled roofs, and narrow streets all clearly mapped out.

In the afternoon I trained to Castle Howard, and as the 'bus did not turn up, I tramped the three miles to the mansion, which I was shown over; there are some very fine pictures, notably the "three Mary's," which they say is worth £20,000.

I returned to the station in a regular tropical thunderstorm; but having kept my weather eye lifting I had borrowed an umbrella and so escaped a ducking.

On my return to York, I concluded the day's sight-seeing (and what slaves we are to it) by visiting St. Mary's Abbey and Museum.

June 20th.—AT YORK.

Attended the forenoon and afternoon Cathedral services; the exquisite singing of the choir greatly quickened my devotional feelings.

During the day I walked round the walls, and out to the race course. Examined the Bars, and felt thankful that in the present day it is not fashionable to place peoples heads on them.

June 21st.—YORK TO LEEDS.

As my tricycle had been taken to pieces, thoroughly cleaned and the tire resecured, also feeling all the better for the rest myself, we started off this morning in great feather, at the prospect of really having smooth sailing for the future.

The aspect of the country too was more cheering; and in spite of the roads being rather heavy from the recent rains, we sighted Leeds in good time, and made quite a triumphant entry into that populous city.

All through the suburbs the people turned out *en masse*, cheering, and shouting; and I was beginning to feel quite proud of myself; when a little further on, the charm was rudely broken, by a gentleman out of work throwing half a brick at my head.

After a snack I inspected a cloth manufactory, and saw old rags go in at one end of the machinery, and new No. 1 cloth come out at the other; whilst going round, of course I said I understood the whole process *perfectly*.

I next went to St. Peter's Church; the Town Hall; and walked along some of the principal streets, in one of which the first steam tram was running; it appeared to me to go quickly, smokelessly, noiselessly, and to be a success.

Leeds is a regular go-ahead place, and reminded me of Melbourne and New York.

In the evening I was persuaded to patronize the theatre, and was much pleased with the fine house, and the capital acting of Charles Reade's celebrated play, "It's never too late to mend."

Distance:—York to Leeds, 26 miles.

June 22*nd*.—Leeds to Sheffield.

After jolting over a mile or so of paved streets, we emerged into an undulating and thickly populated country; in fact there is almost a continuous run of buildings from Leeds to Wakefield (a young Leeds); passing through that town, we proceeded on a rather hilly road to Barnsley: a nasty, smoky, unattractive looking town, in which I spent my time profitably, by eating a hearty meal during a heavy thunderstorm, and also by knocking the marker's "head off" at billiards.

At 5 o'clock the rain having ceased, I booted and saddled, then paddled; the road was all afloat, and in some places a roaring torrent; which as my steed would not jump, I tried to make him ford; he did not miss the opportunity for showing his sense of humour, for he generally hove to in mid stream, thus making me wet my poor feet in pushing him out of it, the rascal.

Since leaving York I have come across any number of forlorn looking tramps; who would not have thought twice about "sticking me up," I guess, if my determined and warlike bearing had not boomed them off.

The crops in this neighbourhood are in splendid condition, and the country very pretty in parts.

I had rather a "let off" this afternoon. On coming to a suspicious looking hill, I dismounted and walked; presently a bend in the road showed a dangerous decline very much cut up by the rush of water, down which one could not have ridden in safety.

7.30. Rode up to the hotel in Sheffield looking much more like an animated mud pie than anything else. My extraordinary condition evidently caused dire consternation and suspicion amongst the authorities; happily the timely arrival of my portmanteau by rail, dissipated the temporary cloud; and your humble servant was admitted, and permitted to cleanse and refresh himself.

Distance:—Leeds to Sheffield, viâ Wakefield and Barnsley, 39 miles; roads heavy; in some places bad.

June 23rd.—Sheffield to Matlock Bath.

My card obtained me an *entrée* to Roger's cutlery establishment, where nearly everything is done by hand and eye.

In the show rooms were many works of art to be seen: such as knives with any number of blades, little bits of scissors, and other curiosities of skill and workmanship.

I met with the same success at Sir John Brown's factory, where I was anxious to see them bending massive iron plates; but as they were not doing so then, I contented myself by examining the machinery, and by watching the process of casting railway tires, &c.

At Dickson's electro-plating works there was a hitch. Some Yankees having lately "opened their eyes," strangers were not now admitted except by introduction; however, after taking stock of me, an exception was made in my favour. This goes to prove that on certain occasions it is a positive advantage to look like a "duffer," for all the mysteries of the trade were laid bare before my inquiring eyes, and I would undertake to pass a first-class examination in the science of making tea-pots with or without spouts; how to turn Britannia metal into silver and gold, and many other wrinkles worth knowing in these hard times. But I won't say that I know all about it; because in these skilled trades if anything important is being done on one side of the room: the dodge is to occupy the visitor's attention by something on the other; and quite right too.

Compared with Leeds, the shops in Sheffield are smaller, the streets narrower, and less cleanly.

Having done a good sight-seeing forenoon; I "put myself outside" a heavy luncheon; then having heard that Chatsworth House was open to the public until 5 P.M., I calculated that by taking train to Chesterfield I should just have time to "nick" it off; so I popped

into the train with my tricycle, and on arriving at Chesterfield, I mounted, and made all haste through that town. The curiosity there being a wooden church steeple, which is warped and twisted in a most extraordinary manner.

I had now four miles of up-hill, then a pretty ride down of the same distance to the park gates; where I was blandly informed that as it was now 4.45 P.M. I was just three quarters of an hour too late: and card or no card, an exception could not be made in my favour; also that the house would not re-open until 11 o'clock the next day.

This was very provoking: but not feeling inclined to lose fourteen hours I decided to let it "slide," and hoisting (with assistance) my steed over a high stile, and cutting across the park, I struck the road for Derby, on which I had to plough through melted gutta percha again, until a footpath presented itself, when I utilized its firm surface.

After passing through Darley, I spotted a remarkable looking castle on very high ground, and shortly afterwards on rounding a curve, a splendid view burst on my astonished gaze; viz., a magnificent gorge; on one side of which was a town, with woods, and villas dotted about above all; the other side rose sheer to a height of three hundred or four hundred feet; the cliffs were ivy clad and covered with shrubs and bushes, with the head of a grey rock peeping out here and there.

It was a lovely scene, and the winding road by the side of the swift running river, brought fresh beauties to view at every turn.

"By Jove," I enthusiastically exclaimed, "this is something like a place, my friends shall know of this:

no more North Wales: they shall come and enjoy primitive nature here, away from the ruck of tourists."

Presently, on coming to a prettily situated hotel, I pleaded threatening weather as an excuse to heave to for the night in this Elysium. This decision proved to be a wise one, for half an hour later it rained in torrents.

After my usual ablutionary routine, I consulted my guide book to try and find out where we were. Imagine my feelings, O gentle reader, when instead of having made a great discovery, *à la* Captain Cook, I found myself to be in one of the most frequented watering places in England, and that excursion trains from all parts of the country, ran almost daily during the season.

Feeling "very small," I made inquiries about the neighbourhood, and still desire to recommend it to all who, like myself, have not had the privilege of going there before.

Distance run:—Chesterfield to Matlock Bath viâ Chatsworth, 24 miles.

June 24th.—Matlock Bath to Lichfield.

Got under way at 9 A.M., and on seeing stuck up everywhere "this way to the best view, &c.," I laughed heartily at my display of ignorance last night.

I had a most delightful drive; the majestic scenery of Matlock Bath gradually softened down to the picturesque at Ambergate: the flowery banks and the pretty bridges which spanned the river, were charming; making me quite in love with the mother country.

After leaving Belper, it became more open and less

romantic. On approaching Derby I espied a broad and deliciously tempting looking asphalt path, this to a 'cyclist is like a "red rag to a bull." In a moment we were upon it and speeding along at the rate of knots. Oh, the pleasure of that run is not forgotten yet, verily the perfection of travelling, the machine seemed to fly without any apparent exertion.

Good-natured reader, think of this when you see a 'cyclist on a footpath; heed him not, let him enjoy life while he can; and don't "run him in;" unless he inconveniences you without trying to avoid it, or apologizing. For my part, I never go on the footpath unless it is apparently deserted; when I *do* meet people on it, I either ease or stop until they have passed, "begging pardon" on principle: which has always been granted except on one occasion; when being well clear of a town and on a rough road, I slipped on to the path; by-and-bye on meeting a woman I stopped, and apologized as she passed; she answered—"I should think you just might beg my pardon, indeed," and she turned up her nose and gave her head *such* a toss.

But where am I supposed to be all this time? Oh yes, just entering the pretty suburbs of Derby. Well, I ran right through that town without halting, and soon after was driven into a farm-house by a shower. When that had knocked off, I observed a thunderstorm brewing up, and raced it.

Great fun; it gradually gained, then I spurted and appeared to draw away; but the enemy having the weather gauge had the advantage. A stern chase is a long one, and for eight miles I kept him in my wake; when nearBurton-on-Trent it became intensely exciting,

heavy black clouds were overhead, with lightning flickering around—my steel tricycle being a great attraction to that destructive fluid—one more grand spurt and I'll do it; close shave, by Gemini. I tore and clattered through the town at such a rate, as to cause all traffic to stop, and most mouths to open; in fact, a regular John Gilpin affair over again—the men and women stared, the boys shouted, the girls giggled, the ducks quacked, the dogs barked; whilst I, dashing madly on, had just time to gain the shelter of the hotel stables, when down it came, like water from a boat when the plug has been pulled out.

After luncheon, as it was still raining, I went to Bass's brewery, where I again underwent a critical scrutiny; this time concerning my bump of "beery" intelligence. Having passed muster, I was very politely shown everything, and the different stages of converting malt into beer were minutely explained; but as my head may be likened to a sieve, it all went in at one ear and out at the other; moreover, the feelings of my kind informant were much hurt by my positive refusal to taste even one drop of his very best—and his look was that of extreme incredulity when I informed him that "I had never drunk a glass of beer in my life;" but we parted good friends, and the weather having now cleared I started off again, shaping course for Lichfield, where I arrived at 6 P.M. after a pleasant run on a capital road. After tea an enthusiastic gentleman dragged me out to see the city in the rain. Save me from my friends!

Note.—The thunderstorms to-day were very local, the roads were muddy for twenty-five miles, then dry for the last three miles into Burton, after leaving there,

they were wet again until near Lichfield when they became quite dusty, but not for long, it soon came on to rain.

Distance run:—Matlock Bath to Lichfield, viâ Belper, Derby, Burton, 42 miles; wet but good roads, on footpath occasionally.

June 25th.—LICHFIELD TO COVENTRY.

Directly the doors were open, I went to see this gem of a cathedral. It lacks the height and grandeur of York Minster, but the style of architecture, the beautiful reredos and painted windows, the chapter-house, the exquisite sculpture of the "sleeping children," and the drapery of Bishop —— sent me into raptures. On this occasion I am at a loss to find a sufficient number of laudatory adjectives wherewith to express my feelings.

I remained for the morning service, much enjoying the fine singing, after which I took a final view of the nave, which is enhanced by the slight curve; but perhaps I have a "crossjack" eye, and that the church is built straight after all.

I returned to the hotel, packed up, and was just going to start when, remembering that poor Johnson had been "left out in the cold," I went and paid homage to his statue; having now done my duty I vaulted into the saddle, and bidding farewell to the cathedral with its beautiful spires, I paddled away for Coventry.

My travelling which hitherto might have been compared to knocking about in a heavy cross seaway, now became as it were a great calm, and we glided smoothly and swiftly along.

2.30. Arrived at Coleshill, a pretty rural town with

a fine church, and healthy situation, on the summit of a hill. Having "baited," we resumed our way, through meadows, woods, and parks, being occasionally accompanied by hares, rabbits, and partridges, who, when running along in front, must have thought us a novel looking couple.

On arriving at Coventry I went straight to the machinist company to get a spoon brake, and to have some minor alterations made. I found them constructing a new machine, which they offered me in exchange, promising to have it ready in a week. This suited my plans very well, and I occupied that time in visiting friends.

Distance run:—Lichfield to Coventry, 28 miles. Capital roads.

July 5th.—Coventry to Warwick.

Went to Coventry by rail; saw St. Michael's Church with its splendid spire, rummaged out "Peeping Tom," who has been made beautiful for ever, then repaired to the machinist company's works. After taking a "preliminary canter" on my new tricycle, I left for Kenilworth Castle, which, though historically interesting, was to me disappointing as a ruin.

From Kenilworth I sailed in company with two bicyclists for Warwick, but remembering that Leamington was famed for the beauty of its fair sex, we made a detour through that town; our curiosity was not gratified and we ran on to Warwick, viewing Guy's cliff *en voyage*.

We arrived too late for the castle, and as my friends were in a hurry they went on. I walked round the

town, and had the best view of the castle from the bridge. Charming rural scenery about here.

Coventry to Warwick, viâ Leamington, 12 miles, very good road.

July 6th.—WARWICK TO WORCESTER.

I went over the castle, and saw the celebrated Warwick vase; the girl at the porter's lodge showed us Guy's armour and punch bowl. I was much amused at the parrot-like way in which she spun her yarn, evidently the poor thing had been well "whacked" until she had got it off by heart.

11 A.M. Took my departure for Worcester. It had been threatening all the morning, and now it came down in a steady pour. As it was my first wet day I could not growl, and there being nothing more to see at Warwick I went in for it, just by way of a change. Arrived at Stratford-on-Avon at about noon, and at once repaired to Shakespeare's House. I entered the room in which he was born, sat on the chair from which he wrote, looked at all the interesting relics in the museum, and came away convinced that everything I had seen was genuine, and not made for the occasion as is so often the case.

I then went to the church to see his tomb, which satisfaction I was denied, for the verger had locked the door and piped to dinner.

Deciding to lunch at Alcester I was soon bowling along towards that town, seeing Anne Hathaway's cottage *en passant.*

Left Alcester about 4.30, and as it had been raining *steadily* all day you can imagine what a jolly mess the

roads were in; this was bad enough but I was made the subject of a cruel practical joke, by being sent six miles out of my way through quagmires and I don't know what, and this was to be a short cut, if you please. I'd have knocked seven bells out of that fellow if I could have got hold of him again.

I did not arrive at Worcester until 9 P.M. in just about the same plight as I was at Sheffield, and my tricycle was in such a condition as to render it advisable to have it taken to pieces and cleaned.

Distance run:—Warwick to Worcester, viâ Stratford and Alcester = 39 + 5 = 44 miles; roads muddy and heavy.

July 7th.—WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, AND READING.

After breakfast went over the cathedral, which, having been recently restored, looks so spick and span that it is difficult to realize its age; the choir and everything is pretty and nice, and that is all one can say for it.

I then found my way to a porcelain manufactory and was much interested in the whole concern.

The art of "throwing" is only obtained by knack and practice. I was surprised to see that the handles of cups, &c. were only stuck on by a solution of clay and water, and yet they would bear the weight immediately they were attached; in fact the joint is really the strongest part, for I do not ever remember seeing a cup broken at the juncture of the handle.

As some of my readers may not know how the willow and other common patterns are impressed. I will endeavour to describe it.

The copper plate on which the pattern is engraved

is first heated, then some composition is rubbed on it until the cuttings are filled, when the surface of the plate is rubbed clean, and a sheet of tissue paper is placed on; the pattern is transferred to the tissue paper by means of roller pressure. The object of heating the plate is now apparent for the paper can easily be removed without tearing, which could not be done if the plate were cold.

The printed paper is next carefully put and pressed on the surface of the dish or article to be marked, and when it has remained a short time, the paper is removed by means of a rubber, the pattern remaining on the article; which is then baked and glazed, the whole business taking much less time to do than to write it.

The hand painting for dessert services and other fancy goods was well worth seeing, and for once I really think I learnt something.

Being due in town in two days time, I trained to Gloucester to see that fine old cathedral, noted for its fan traced cloisters. After the others its Norman nave looked bare and cold, but the many curious old chapels were very interesting, and the exterior is superb.

After visiting the site of Bishop Hooper's martyrdom I took my tricycle with me to Reading by rail.

July 8th.—Went to London to be tortured by a dentist, then returned and 'cycled to the well known village Pangbourne, where rain detained me for the night.

July 9th to 20th.—Visited friends and toured about the neighbourhood.

Distance :—Reading to Wallingford, 16 miles.

July 20th.—WALLINGFORD TO WINDSOR.

Had a pleasant ride through the woods to Crowmarsh, where having an interest in the Regatta, I remained to luncheon, then I enjoyed another capital run to Windsor, viâ Wingfield.

After tea I promenaded the Long Walk, near which some schools were taking a holiday. On noticing that the good old-fashioned game of "kiss in the ring" was going on, I drew near; "just to see how it was done." I was much entertained to see the systematic way in which the girls allowed themselves to be caught, and the air of martyrdom they assumed, when brought into the centre of the ring, to be kissed by the man they loved best.

Distance:—Wallingford to Windsor, viâ Wingfield and Reading, 38 miles.

July 21st.—To town and back by rail.

July 22nd.—WINDSOR, STOKE POGES, BURNHAM BEECHES.

Attended morning service at St. George's Chapel, and liked the singing better than even that of the York and Lichfield choirs; then I went with the mob through the Royal apartments and mews, and afterwards to the Memorial Chapel; a perfect jewel of art and beauty. I had a capital view of Eton, the river, and the surrounding country from the top of the Round Tower. I next walked out to Eton, saw the chapel and returned to the hotel for tiffin.

4 P.M. The good music attracted me to St. George's again, to work off the effects of which I betook me to my tricycle, and ran through Slough to Stoke Poges; the picturesque little Church is situated in a meadow about a mile or so from the village. I sat

down in that romantic churchyard and endeavoured to picture Gray's feelings when writing his elegy there.

By-the-bye it struck me that they might have honoured him with a less hideous monument.

As time was getting on, I cut my reflections short, and mounting my steed, ran on to Burnham Beeches; where I was besieged by a bevy of pretty little girls, who entreated me to "give them a ride." How could I refuse the darlings; so taking them up one after another, I carried them about, to their great delight, and to my particular satisfaction.

I returned to Windsor by another road.

Distance run:—Windsor, Stoke Poges, Burnham Beeches and back, 17 miles.

July 23rd.—WINDSOR TO LEATHERHEAD.

Attended the early service at St. George's; after that I ascended the Round Tower, with the idea of having a quiet reflective view of the many beautiful and historical places, which can be seen from its summit.

I had just settled myself down, when a confused murmur of treble voices broke upon my unwilling ear, they grew nearer and nearer, louder and louder; then in a moment I found myself surrounded by a multitude of screeching, yelling, school children; who speedily sent my contemplative thoughts to the winds. Mentally ejaculating, "Don't be selfish, they are enjoying themselves;" I essayed to beat a retreat, which was easier said than done; for getting jammed by the struggling crowd, I could for some time neither get up nor down: until becoming *rather* tired of my imprisonment, I assumed the

voice and manner of one in authority, and soon had a gangway made for me.

Having now thoroughly "done" Windsor, I mounted my faithful ally and was rapidly rnnning up the Long Walk, thinking about the many jolly things I had seen, and feeling at peace with all men; when my pleasant reverie was rudely disturbed by a loud shout. On coming to myself, I saw a great big stout looking fellow waving a broom in front of me, and singing out, Hi! You! Stop. My first impluse was to run the beggar down and board him in the dust. Second thoughts told me that on this occasion discretion would be wisdom; so laying my imaginary main topsail to the mast, I hailed the stranger with, "Well fare thee friend, what now?" It was no go, soft sawder would not lubricate that official, and I was pompously informed with due emphasis that Her Majesty objected to "*them* there things passing *that* there way."

This being conclusive to a loyal subject like myself, I put "my tail between my legs," and went round by another road, thus seeing more of that charming Park than I should have done. I walked up to the Copper Horse, and had a most "fetching" view from thence.

Being now in the neighbourhood, I thought it a duty to see cockney Virginia Water; expecting to find a mud hole, but I was most agreeably disappointed; and as it was an "off" day, there were no roughs to rob the sylvan scene of its charms.

After a very expensive luncheon at the hotel, I shaped an easterly course, and had the most delightful drive I have experienced as yet. First of all through Chertsey, with the famous St. Anne's Hill

in its vicinity, then Addlestone and St. George's Hill; another well-known place for beauty of scenery. Unfortunately I missed the Crouch tree under which Wycliffe is said to have preached. Passing through Byfleet, I ran on to Cobham, where I halted for tea. Having paid my shot, I went through a "knife-grinding" motion to Leatherhead.

Distance run:—Windsor to Leatherhead, viâ Chertsey, &c., 33 miles; roads soft and undulating.

July 24th.—LEATHERHEAD TO GOMSHALL.

Went to Wimbledon by rail to see the Anglo-American Rifle Match and the Camp. I thought the Canadian bore the palm.

On my return I had another charming drive from Leatherhead to Dorking, which I passed through, being bound for the "Silent Pool" near Albury; the deep clear water of which, overhung by the surrounding ornamental shrubs, renders it a perfect "spooning" rendezvous.

I then ran in to Albury to put up for the night, but as the inns were all full, I tried Shiere with a like want of success, for which I was sorry; it being in my humble opinion the *beau ideal* of an English country village. Artists evidently think so too, for several were sketching away in all directions as if their lives depended upon it (perhaps their livelihood did). Harked back another stage, and found a roof for my mate and myself at Gomshall.

Distance:—Leatherhead to Gomshall and dodging about, 25 miles.

July 25th.—GOMSHALL TO REIGATE.

I fell amongst friends last night: for after all there

is no place like a good country inn for comfort, and being well served; at least for a lowly individual travelling for pleasure; moreover there is a charming simplicity about everybody and everything, which is delightful after the fuss and worry of grand hotels. And in the evening one can fraternise with the landlord and his family, thus hearing all the news and gossip of the place, and I have found that this respectable class of people can always "spot" a gentleman and treat him accordingly: whereas in the quasi first class hotels, my experience has been rather the reverse; particularly if I have inadvertently omitted to don my paper collar before presenting myself at the bar. As in railway travelling, I now always go in for either first or third class accommodation, the happy medium in these cases being a mistake.

After breakfast I got away from Gomshall *en voyage* to Leith Hill, and let me assure you that it took a good deal of "gentle persuasion" to get my steed to the top of it, but when we did get there, we were rewarded by having one of,—if not quite—the most extensive views in England; it was rather hazy, but on the whole a favourable day.

I first put the lady of the Hill in a good humour by praising her home-made cranbury cakes, then got her to show me the Crystal Palace, the sea at Worthing, the towers of Brighton, and the vicinity of Sevenoaks, &c.

Now being a little fellow I do love to perch myself on a height, and view the world at my feet; but joking apart, this is a wonderful view, and apparently one but little known to the general public; much to the indignation of the good dame; who told me that

"someone should write to the papers about it; the *idea* of their being ignorant of *my* hill." The dear old soul also informed me, that from the top of the tower she has often seen thirteen counties.

I had some trouble in getting my tricycle (they had never seen one there before) safely to the foot of the hill. I then meandered through a pretty park, on to the high road near Wotton, and so to Dorking; where I tea'd, and afterwards continued to Burford Bridge. Depositing my machine at the "Fox and Hounds" I ascended Box Hill, the view from which is not to be compared with Leith Hill. Returning again I resumed the saddle, and was putting on a spurt up a hill *en route* to Reigate, when I missed my footing and went a regular header into the middle of the road; much to the astonishment of the passers by, and I may add of myself too; for at that moment I was turning over in my mind that "if it did really come to a 'popping' question, how was it to be put?" I was just rehearsing the happy scene to myself when *tableau!* I was to be seen kissing . . . . No! not her, but mother earth, anything but an agreeable change for me.

Torn pantaloons being the only damage done, I picked myself up out of the mud, and was soon under way again, and reached the hotel at Reigate at 8 o'clock without further incident.

I am in clover here, for on the kind invitation of "mamma" I have joined the family party. At supper I carved the ham, chaffed the girls, and in many other ways endeavoured to make myself useful, agreeable, and at home.

Distance run:—Gomshall to Reigate, viâ Leith

Hill, Dorking, &c. 27 miles. All Surrey roads appear to be sandy and rather hilly.

July 26th.—REIGATE TO WESTERHAM.

On the recommendation of "mamma," I walked to Reigate park for the view, the town is prettily situated under the hills. Got under weigh for Sevenoaks, but the rain would not permit me to travel further than Westerham.

Distance :—Reigate to Westerham, 16 miles.

July 27th.—WESTERHAM TO YALDING.

Taking the advice of the landlord, I gave up the route to Sevenoaks, and ran down by very rough cross roads to Penshurst; a clean little village having some quaint old cottages. With my usual luck I found that the castle would not be open until three o'clock, as it was now noon I did not care to wait all that time, so "topping my boom" we went on to Tonbridge Wells by a hilly road. I lunched there, then ran down to Frant for the wonderful view described in my guide book; I could not find it, because it was not there, so I journeyed on by a break neck by-road to Byham Abbey, which, compared with the other ruins I had seen, was very insignificant. From there I tooled on to Lamberhurst; the prettiest village in Kent, in which there is a perfect specimen of what a country inn should be—had tea there, then having still some "go" left in me I pushed on for Yalding. A little way on I found the road in splendid order, so putting on a spurt we ran twelve miles in seventy-five minutes, and got into Yalding at 8 o'clock.

The hops here are looking very well, but they say that there is a good deal of mould about.

Distance run:—Westerham to Yalding, viâ Penshurst, Tonbridge Wells, Frant and Lamberhurst, 44 m.

July 28th.—YALDING TO MARGATE.

I looked round the river at Yalding, to see if there was any fishing to be had until noon, when I started for Maidstone, where I arrived at one o'clock, having traversed a very bad track.

During luncheon I decided to see Leeds Castle, then to go on leisurely and sleep at Chilham.

2.15. Left Maidstone. On my arrival at Leeds Castle they would not admit me, so I continued to Charing, arriving there at about four o'clock. Not being in a hurry, I remained there until five, chatting with some young fellows on a pedestrian tour. I then started off with the idea of sleeping at Canterbury: the road being in capital order and mostly down hill, we ran very rapidly to that celebrated old cathedral town. The first thing I saw on entering was a house on fire. After watching this for a few minutes, and seeing that there was no opportunity for a display of heroism on my part, I consulted my watch, and as it was only 6.30 with plenty of daylight, I thought I might just as well go the "whole animal." So buckling to again I went as fast as my legs would drive me to Margate, where we arrived at 8.10; thus running 47 miles in six hours, including longer stoppages than I should have made if I had been working against time. On the other hand I had the advantage of splendid roads and a fair wind.

Distance:—Yalding to Margate, viâ Maidstone, *54 miles.*

Summary of Cruise No. 1.

This has been a most enjoyable trip. I certainly should have liked the company of a bocn companion of the same "kidney" as myself; as it was I did not find it lonely, my attention being well occupied on the road, and there was usually some one to talk to at the hotels; if not, my notes and the next day's programme kept me employed.

I have been fortunate in the weather, and my only mishap (missing the pedal) was due to carelessness.

I anticipated bad roads in the north and was not disappointed. The southern ones were, on the whole, excellent, particularly those of Kent.

If a 'cyclist judged the capabilities of his machine by the remarks of the bystanders, he would be rather puzzled.

The following are some of those said to me—

When going slowly—"That *is* hard work;" "I'd sooner walk than drive that thing;" "Better get off and carry it, guv'ner." "What's your charge [for grinding scissors, Master?"

When going quickly—"That's the sort for me;" "That is a beauty. 'Ee, aint got fur to fall, av ee?" "What will you give me a ride for, guv'ner?" "Here comes a three-wheeled bicycle," &c., &c.

Total distance run:—689 miles.

SECOND CRUISE.

September 23rd.—MARGATE TO CRANBROOK.

Left Margate 11.10, arrived at Canterbury 12.45, the roads being in splendid condition.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I now fly over the hills on this route, which but a short time ago compelled me to dismount; this may be accounted for as follows:—

(1.) I am in better training and can drive the machine more efficiently.

(2.) I have a superior tricycle.

(3.) I know every inch of the road to Canterbury, viz. what hills to "spring," which to walk up, what part of the road to spurt on, where to take it easy.

The result of the whole being addition in speed, with subtraction of fatigue; the proof of the same being the fact that whereas it used to take me $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to go to Canterbury, I have done it to-day (with a journey before me) in 1 hr. 35 mn.

Having refreshed the inner man at Canterbury, I started again at 2.40, and worked against the collar to within a mile of Charing, where the long rise reaches its culminating point, and an extensive view is obtained; the road then abruptly dips down to the village where I rested awhile.

At 5.40 Chummy (I now call him so when he is good) and myself resumed our peregrinations, and meandered through Pluckley, Smarden, and Biddenden; where, darkness overtaking us, I lighted my new lamp, warranted to burn goodness knows how many hours. It gave a beautiful light for five minutes, then as it began to burn dimly I stopped, coaxed the wick, then went on again; on its nearly going out a second time, I concluded it required more air, and the road being smooth I left the door a little open.

All went well until half way down the hill into Cranbrook, when one of the wheels struck a stone which caused the internal part of the lamp to fall out. Immediately afterwards I felt a shock, and before I could say "Jack Robinson" I found myself on one side of the road on my stern-chaser, Chummy on the other side on his beam ends, whilst the lamp lay fairly in the middle; positively we had been scattered exactly like the three card trick, but in this case *all* proved to be "trumps" for none of us were hurt.

Whilst picking myself up I saw a man standing by a gate, who was evidently quite dazed by the sight of this singular *contretemps*, for he stood helplessly by until I was ready to proceed, then he was *very* energetic in tendering his assistance. I afterwards heard him giving a graphic account of the affair (with variations) to an amused audience at the bar of my hotel.

How odd it is that one always laughs at another fellow's mishap. I remember having a tremendous spill in Ireland, which sent all the people within view into whoops and shrieks of laughter. They evidently thought it the finest joke out; I rubbed my —— and was of a different opinion.

After tea, the landlady said that the mode of drying hops should be seen by a "gentleman like myself," and offered to send her little daughter to show me the kiln; I was equal to the occasion and went.

To those interested I have the honour to inform them that hops should be picked when of a bright green colour; if allowed to remain too long they rapidly turn brown and mouldy. They are dried on a horsehair grating placed about twelve feet above a charcoal fire, and it takes from ten to twelve hours to do them.

Distance:—Margate to Cranbrook, viâ Canterbury, Charing, 46 miles. Arrived at Cranbrook at 8 P.M. Excellent roads. Ran in dark 5 miles.

September 24th.—CRANBROOK TO ARUNDEL.

Why is it that sleep is absent when most desired? I really don't think I slept a wink after 3 o'clock this morning, much to the discomfiture of poor boots; for at a very early hour I rang, rang, rang, until his very dishevelled head appeared at the door. But my untimely energy did not make the sun rise any earlier, nor was my breakfast served any sooner, and after all it was 8.30 before I was fairly under way.

The road for the first few miles was decidedly tortuous, and we had to dodge about from Cranbrook to Hawkhurst, Hurst Green and Etchingham, just like beating to windward, which by the bye it literally was, the wind being dead foul.

From Etchingham to Lewes the road was nearly as straight as a die, but it deviated from the horizontal very considerably, being up and down hill all the *way.*

On leaving Kent the soil became clayey and sticky, then soft and sandy, rendering it very harassing to travel on. I desired to solace and reinvigorate myself with delicious milk, but was surprised to find that none was to be had at the various country public houses I called at, so I had to take lemonade and brandy which, although it gives one a fillip at the time, is not so good a beverage to work upon.

At 1.50 I was very glad to find myself at the top of the steep hill on which Lewes is situated, and to bring myself to an anchor there.

'Cycling creates a decided thirst, to quench which is a matter of difficulty; the more one imbibes the more thirsty one becomes. Sometimes I have felt almost equal to drinking dry the Atlantic Ocean. Alcoholic drinks of all kinds having failed: I tried Zoedone with the greatest success. I liken it to champagne which does not get into your head, nor take much money out of your pocket.

After tiffin, I went over the naval jail where I saw the gentlemen at shot drill, which I voted to be a very appetizing amusement and capital exercise for all the muscles of the body. Their cuisine appeared to be ample, and the discipline good, which is satisfactory; for I have known men on their return from "durance pleasant" try their utmost to get into trouble, in order that they might be sent back to the prison, where they had less to do than on board ship.

Thus has the government money been spent without producing the desired effect.

Off again at 4.30. Plain sailing once more, a gentle rise for two or three miles, then that desideratum of all 'cyclists "a gradual decline" to Brighton. I passed

through "London on the sea," and along the Mall at about 5.30; all the elite were sunning themselves; and "peacocking" according to their various tastes, viz. driving, riding, walking, strutting, tennising, bathing, with a few more "ing"s not worth mentioning." It really was quite a gay and animated scene —but no one noticed the distinguished traveller passing through their midst.

After clearing the "flutter of petticoats," I sighted a tempting looking dairy on the port beam; to dismount and enter was the matter of a moment, and directly afterwards three tumblers (or rather their contents) of milk were chasing one another down the "red lane" in rapid succession, to the surprise of the vendor, who looked dubiously at the bottom of the bowl before handing me my third.

This refreshing draught enabled me to paddle away with greater energy than ever, and running through Shoreham with its docks and narrow strip of a harbour, we soon came to the beach road to Worthing, but on hearing that part of it had been washed away by the recent storms, I abandoned the intention of sleeping at that town, and took the inland road for Arundel.

At dusk I stopped at a village for tea, after which I lighted my lamp and proceeded; of course the light went out when most wanted, so giving it up as a bad speculation, I navigated without one. As the road was good, and the sky clear, though moonless, I managed very well for a time. But starlight proved to be a very uncertain guide whereby to judge the nature of the road.

On coming to what appeared to me to be a moderate

decline, I cocked up my legs and put the brake on slightly; presently on the speed acclerating,—harder. On the pace still increasing: I put forth my utmost strength—not a bit of it; down went the hill steeper, and steeper, away went my steed faster and faster; the brute had got the bit between his teeth, and there was nothing for it, but to keep the head cool, and sit tight.

Fortunately the road was perfectly smooth; so the only mischance was that I nearly frightened a poor old woman to death, who on seeing me go by like a flash of "greased lightning" gave a startled yell; and I have no doubt that she afterwards solemnly declared that "she had really seen the 'old gentleman' himself" not on "two sticks," but riding the most devilish looking machine she had ever set eyes upon.

After this I was very careful, and by constant inquiries endeavoured to ascertain the contour of the roads ahead; but it is surprising to find how little really reliable information can be obtained, about even the highway, in the immediate neighbourhood. As for hills, I have seldom been able to get an intelligent description of them, though I have asked ostlers, and others who have been up and down them scores of times. This drawback materially affects the time and pace of the nocturnal 'cyclist.

Although I got rather adrift once or twice, I eventually succeeded in reaching the hotel at Arundel at 10 o'clock, not feeling at all fatigued.

Distance run:—Cranbrook to Arundel, viâ Lewes and Brighton, 69 miles; 15 in the dark; bad road to Lewes, then very good.

September 25.—ARUNDEL TO PORTSMOUTH.

My day's task being a light one, I turned out at a reasonable hour, and after breakfast took a survey of the Arundel "Lions" in the shape of churches and the castle. I think that the best view of the latter is obtained from the railway.

At 10.10 I turned my back upon that strikingly situated town, and had a glorious run to Chichester, where I arrived at 11.20. Eleven miles in seventy minutes.

I first "did" the cathedral, and examined the curious old bell-tower, which is isolated from the main building; then fortified myself for my afternoon work.

At noon. In the saddle again, and had a good run to Havant where I got into *very* "hot water."

Being athirst I stopped at an inn, and called for lemonade and sherry: on observing that the stupid boy had allowed the lemonade to go flat before he put in the wine, I, on the spur of the moment, threw it out of the door and ordered another drink to be served, which I was enjoying, when the landlady came out. Noticing some wet on the steps (I had made rather a bad shot) she said, "Who has done this?" the maid replied "that gentleman;" an apology was on the tip of my tongue, but her ladyship was too quick; rapidly surveying poor me (dishevelled and paper collarless) from head to foot, she let me have it properly. "Gentleman indeed," "you're no gentleman," "you're no proper bicyclist to behave in that way." "How dare you sir." "It's just like your imperence," "I've a good mind to make you clean it up," "and you *shall* clean it up." The absurdity of this torrent of

abuse tickled me into fits of laughter; and when the good woman disappeared, as I thought for the besom to make a clean sweep of me, I took the hint and "made tracks." Verily a woman is terrible in her wrath.

This encounter very nearly caused me a broken crown, for it was some time before I could regain my usual composure sufficiently for correct navigation; however I passed through Cosham, and without further misadventure entered that most important of all seaport towns, Portsmouth, at 2.15.

Distance run:—Arundel to Portsmouth, 29 miles; excellent roads, but rather sandy in places.

September 28th.—PORTSMOUTH TO SOUTHAMPTON.

On leaving Margate my intention was merely to travel to Portsmouth and back by road, instead of going by rail; but having finished my business sooner than I expected, and as the weather was looking very fine and settled, I could not resist the temptation to run up to Stonehenge: a place I had always desired to see since the first day I read about it in Markham's History: which, believe me, is some time ago.

Accordingly in my usual impulsive way, I determined to carry out this scheme without a moment's delay, and repaired at once to my lodgings to pack up. "Your flannels have not returned from the wash" reported the good woman. "No matter," I replied, "send them in the portmanteau to Salisbury by the first train to-morrow. I'll take a shift of linen instead. I'm off, good bye," and away I trudged to the shop where my tricycle had been taken to pieces and cleaned; it was all ready, so I had nothing to do but to strap on

my knapsack and ride down to the floating bridge, by means of which I crossed to Gosport, and cleared that town at 5.50. I had a splendid run to Southampton Ferry, where I arrived at 7.30, thus doing 18 miles in 100 minutes, the last two in the dark.

Whilst waiting for the boat, I entered into conversation with a lady and gentleman (Dutch), who recommended me to a small private hotel (the address of which I have forgotten) where on their kind introduction I was received in a most cordial manner.

Distance run :—Portsmouth to Southampton, 18 miles; in dark, 2 miles.

September 29th.—SOUTHAMPTON TO HENDON.

My bill this morning is worth recording. Tea with chop, &c., 1*s* 3*d*; bed, 1*s* 6*d*; breakfast, two eggs, &c., 1*s*; attendance, 0*d*; total, 3*s* 9*d*. I may mention that everything was most clean and comfortable. Under way at 9, and proceeded smoothly and pleasantly through Milbrook and other villages *en route* to Salisbury.

I had a good view of the cathedral with its beautiful spire, when about two miles from the town, and arrived at the hotel at 11.30. Having assisted to groom down my steed (I always unselfishly look after my chum's interests before my own) I washed, made myself respectable, and repaired to the coffee room; where I endeavoured to make myself agreeable to a gentleman sitting in solitary grandeur; but as he answered two or three of my questions on the current topics of the day in monosyllables, I "withdrew into my shell" again. Feeling nettled, I wrote a long winded yarn in my journal about the sociability and unsocia-

bility of the English as compared with our colonial friends, and other nations, which I am not going to trouble you with here.

My chagrin did not interfere with my appetite, which being satiated I sallied forth to the "close," and admired the exterior of the cathedral, which stands out well from the green lawns by which it is surrounded.

I then entered the edifice; but the baldness of the nave, the absence of painted windows to mellow the light, the primness of the tombs, which look as if they had been correctly dressed by a drill sergeant, and the lack of decoration (except some tawdry work over the chancel) caused a shudder to run through me, although the weather was warm.

The restored pillars, arches, and cloisters are very fine, no doubt, but the effect of the *tout ensemble* on me was a reluctance to "fork out" the usual fee.

I returned to the hotel expecting to find my clothes, but was disappointed, and consoled myself with the idea that I had outstripped the train. I left word for them to be sent on to Taunton, and at 3 o'clock started for Stonehenge.

At 4 o'clock, I had passed through Amesbury, which is prettily situated in a dip of what I may call this rolling prarie country; or to describe Salisbury Plain in nautical terms, I may liken it to the sea with a heavy ground swell on, the steep ups and downs of which are not conducive to rapid 'cycling, moreover the road was soft and sandy.

When about two miles beyond Amesbury I, from the top of one of these "swells," sighted Stonehenge on the summit of the next. As there were no buildings

nor anything to contrast or compare them with, the first view of these stones was disappointing, but a closer acquaintance showed their real size and weight (the largest is said to be 45 tons).

I was surprised to find that several, in the act of falling, had broken off close to the ground, instead of tearing up the earth as one would have supposed. One or two of the stones look rather shaky now; one in particular would fall, were it not supported by a little fellow. If the latter suddenly strikes work, 'twill be a case of "stand from under" or some one's pet corn will get an awkward squeeze.

We "wound up" the old gentleman in charge (you can imagine what with) and he gave us an eloquent lecture on the different circles, which were arranged for astronomical, as well as for religious purposes, the stones in each representing planets, &c., adding other scientific details, too abstruse for my dense intellect. So bidding adieu to this interesting antiquity, I emerged from the magic circle into the outer world; where, upon the greensward, I saw spread before me a spotless cloth, on which were placed some most tempting cakes, &c., with tea handy in the rear: the foreground was adorned by a "beautiful creature." Encouraged by the sweet expression of her face, I ventured with my most winning smile to give her a gentle hint. How thick-headed these country girls are. She didn't see it, and Chummy and myself had to continue on our way discomforted and tealess.

It may be as well to mention that I made up my mind this morning to push on to Land's End, which I calculated to reach before the weather broke up; but

going to Stonehenge had put me 12 miles out of my track, on to a rough country road, and the sun was now sinking in the west. Nevertheless, we determined to sleep at Hendon if possible, so pulling ourselves together, we trundled along as fast as the rugged ground would admit of.

After passing through Winterbourne Stoke, the travelling became better, and the way in which I flew through Wylie caused the whole village to run to their doors and windows in amazement. One wag in the crowd suggested "my horse had run away with me," another fellow thought "I'd be late for the train," a third shouted "go it, guv'ner." It was pitch dark when I got to the high land above Wylie. To render it more embarrassing, the roads appeared to run in every direction, and not a house nor a living creature was to be seen.

Taking what I thought to be the right road I moved cautiously along, hoping to meet men returning from work, or somebody to tell me the way. No, it was like cruising on the silent ocean far out of sight of land; worse indeed, because on board ship I should have a compass to steer by, whereas in this case even the stars were obscured from my anxious gaze. Verily I was practically "working in the dark;" and in this dilemma the only expedient I could hit upon was to "follow my nose." I nearly cracked my crown down one hill; growled like "blazes" up the next; thought where the dickens we should turn up at a third; was sure I must have come wrong altogether at a fourth; when at this moment,—if I had been on board ship, the look-out man would have hailed "light right ahead, sir," that is if he had been

awake; which worse luck to it, is not always the case; and by-the-bye how those cheery tars do romance occasionally. I remember one night standing close to a man, and looking at his firmly-closed eyes, I asked him several searching questions without getting any reply. Then shaking him, I sternly said, "You have been asleep on your look out." "No, sir," meekly contradicted my man. "I am sure you have, your eyes were shut." "Sir," replied the ready-witted tar, "I was saying my prayers."

In continuation of this interesting subject, I should like to ask my readers, why our friends (particularly if they have been driving their "pigs to market" for the last half hour) are most indignant, when you politely hope they have enjoyed their snooze?

But what has all this got to do with 'cycling? to continue,—A light was seen a-head. Now I doubt if any mariner was ever more pleased to sight a light-house, than I was to see that faint glimmer; and putting on a spurt I was soon alongside a solitary public house at Chicklebottom, where to my great relief I ascertained that we had come the right way, and that our destination, Hendon, was only two miles distant. I "wetted" this joyous occasion, by drinking the landlord's health with his best brown brandy, and duly arrived at Hendon at 8 P.M., where I had a big hotel all to myself.

After tea I chatted with the landlord, we talked sheep first—then settled the Eastern Question over a glass of grog, and retired to roost.

Distance run:—Southampton to Hendon, viâ Salisbury and Stonehenge, 51 miles; 9 in dark; great deal of up and down; fair roads on the whole.

September 30th.—HENDON TO TIVERTON.

Started at 8.10. A.M. Chummy was very self-willed and troublesome for the first three miles, but on getting into a better road, we amicably settled down to work, and passing through Mere, I halted for a drink at Wincanton; after leaving that town the rolling prairie was transmogrified into a lovely wooded country, with numerous orchards laden with rosy apples, and if I had had the pluck I would have committed highway robbery several times.

Running through Sparkford, we entered the charming suburbs of the picturesque little town Langport, which is adorned by pretty cottages, with beautiful gardens and fruit trees. There is also a fine old gateway, and an exquisite tower of some unpronounceable name.

Somersetshire is evidently a highly civilized county, the scenery is charming, the red soil is scientifically tilled, the orchards and gardens are both useful and ornamental, the roads are well kept, and what is most important to the 'cyclist, there are excellent guide posts, on which the names of all the principal places are legibly painted. This latter saved me the trouble and loss of time in "easing" to inquire the way from people, who frequently give a vague reply, and occasionally the person interrogated is so transfixed by the sight of the novel machine, as to be rendered aghast and speechless.

I got into Taunton a little after 2, and at once cabbed to the station for my traps, and glad I was to see them. But my little account was not so satisfactory, 6*s* 9*d*!! for a portmanteau and hat box from Portsmouth. This charge caused me to be seized with an econo-

mical fit, and to resolve in future to deny myself the luxury of having two or three kits running about after me all over the country.

Brother 'cyclists will understand the pleasure with which I once more found myself rigged in flannels.

After my mid-day meal I had a peep at the celebrated St. Mary's Church, and at 4.30 I was once more grinding imaginary knives.

Casuality No. 2 took place this afternoon.

When some distance out I passed a man driving a tandem waggon. This must have riled him, for a minute afterwards I heard the rumbling of the vehicle and the slashing of the whip. As he was overhauling me, I went a little faster and ran him out of sight; some way further on, when leisurely walking up a hill, I saw my friend (who was half-seas over) coming up hand over fist, with his horses in a hand gallop; to escape him I essayed to remount and spurt ahead, but in my hurry I got up with the crank at the perpendicular, which rendered me for the moment helpless; one revolution and I should have been safe; as it was, although there was plenty of room to pass, the drunken fellow ran stem on into us, sending poor Chummy and myself flying into the ditch. A heavy machine would have been smashed to atoms, but as both of us were light weights, the only damage done was a bent steering rod, and some of the tire of the small wheel loosened, which I lashed on, and continuing my way soon left my friend far astern, and saw him no more.

What with this delay and the darkness I did not reach Tiverton until 7.30.

There are many people in this world whose great

ambition is to be "run after," and they will spend much time and money in endeavouring to effect this, the great object of their lives. Now I will free, gratis, inform all unsuccessful candidates how to obtain cheap notoriety, and how to get "run after" to their hearts content. Go ON A TRICYCLE TRIP, and you will have an admiring crowd following you through every town and village you may pass.

For myself being naturally of a modest and retiring disposition, I don't care about the honour and glory of this kind of thing. As 'cycling becomes more fashionable, and a less novel mode of travelling, this inconvenience will die out; but at present those on three wheels must be prepared to be a fair "butt" for all hands; this should be taken with the utmost unconcern, for if the crowd running *after* you can only get a rise *out* of you, there is immediately a yell of delight, the chaffing is redoubled, and the fun becomes faster and more furious than ever. The best plan of course is to put on a spurt, but as this is impossible in the town, the only way is to grin and bear it; for after all it amuses them and does not hurt anybody; occasionally it is a bore. For instance I will relate this evening's experience.

I had barely entered the town when I was besieged by a noisy crowd of boys, who, becoming emboldened by the darkness, seized the stern part of the machine (which is out of my reach) and began first of all to assist me in ascending the hill, next to push me in every direction. I was just going to jump off and lay it about me, when their little fun was brought to an untimely conclusion, by the rascals plumping Chummy bang into a woman's stomach; of course they

skedaddled down the nearest alleys, leaving me to make the "amende honorable." I should have liked to have "warmed" those young ruffians.

Distance run:—Hendon to Tiverton, viâ Taunton, 75 miles; 6 in the dark; calm, good hilly roads.

October 1*st*.—Tiverton to Tor Point.

On making up my mind to run to Lands End, I consulted the map and concluded that by going to Taunton and Tiverton, I should run between the ranges of the hills, and that from there Crediton and Launceston would be the best course. Last night my landlord, and others who know the way, informed me that it would be almost an impossible, and certainly not a desirable route for my tricycle; accepting their advice I determined to go by Plymouth. If I had known this yesterday I should have gone direct to Exeter from Wincanton.

I got under way this morning at the unusual hour of 6.30, and enjoyed seeing the sun rise for the first time since I have been vegetating on shore. The road was fairly level, but carelessly made, and very pitty to Exeter; where I indulged in a cup of coffee at 8.30, then skirting the town, I steered for Ashburton.

Now my troubles commenced, the road was smooth at first but *such* hills; there was one about six miles out (I have forgotten the name of it), but from the first rise to the summit it must have been three miles; we went up, up, and up, until I was nearly in a position to decide whether the moon was *really* made of green cheese or not. Believe me, I was sick and tired of Chummy's company on that hill; he must have lost

his temper too, for every now and then he would *not* go straight, coax him as I might.

All things must come to an end they say, and at last we did actually reach the top, and found there a race course on the moorland, which I viewed, and thought, that it would take a very heavy purchase to get me up there again, for races or anything else.

All the time we were plodding up, I was looking forward to the splendid run down on the other side, but this was not so pleasant as it reads; for the slope was very steep and the road covered with loose stones.

My faithful ally did not like it at all, for he went bounding and jumping about, for all the world like a "cat on hot bricks," and to sailors I can describe the motion to be like that of a small steamer when forced against a nasty choppy sea. But we survived it, and at 10.15 entered the town of Chudleigh, where both of us required a refreshing draught after our exertions; then we buckled to again, our energies being taxed to the utmost by the continual jarring and jolting over the abominable roads, and the severe gradients to Ashburton; where we arrived disgusted and out of temper at noon.

A well-served luncheon, washed down by two bottles of zoedone, put me in a good humour again; "besides," thought I to myself, "once strike the highway to Plymouth, and we shall be all about." Buoyed up by this fallacy, I paddled away at 1 o'clock in the highest spirits, but sad to relate, they dropped as rapidly as the mercury of a barometer before a hurricane; and poor Chummy and myself kept up a *creaking* and *growling* duet, to the very entrance of Plymouth.

I could not have believed that any highway in England would have been allowed to remain in the condition of the road from Ivy Bridge to Plymouth. Talk about bolting false teeth, why 'tis but little exaggeration to say that I had to feel every now and then to make sure that my head was on my shoulders.

Seriously, it is heart-rending to a 'cyclist to see how steadily the roads have been going to the bad for the last three or four years; being a sailor of course I don't know the reason, I am only painfully aware of the fact, and the same opinion has been expressed by many others with whom I have talked on this vexed subject.

The "last straw" was yet to be added. I have now travelled over more than 1000 miles of roads through most of the counties in England without being asked to pay a turnpike; but on entering Plymouth this afternoon after my sad day's experience of Devonshire roads, I was stopped and compelled to give the toll. This was indeed adding insult to injury, and I am afraid that I produced it with rather a bad grace; at any rate I remember making some sarcastic request that it might be used for repairing the roads. It is very wrong to lose one's temper.

After doing some shopping at Plymouth, I jogged down to Tor Point, where with my usual luck I just missed the ferry; but Chummy accommodated himself in a waterman's boat, and I gave a long sigh of relief on getting clear of Devonshire.

Oh! the luxury of smooth roads again, 'twas like oil on the waters, it made both of us quite frisky, and I had serious thoughts of going on to Liskeard, but the

deepening twilight caused me to decide on heaving to for the night at a small inn I knew of. Time, 7 o'clock.

Having obtained a lodging, my next anxiety was to re-secure the loosened tire, to effect which I heated a poker in the fire. This manœuvre aroused the curiosity of the inmates to the highest pitch; and on my telling them that I was about to initiate my mate into the mysteries of the masonic brotherhood, they went into roars of laughter. But I really did apply the red hot poker to Chummy's stern-wheel—with a satisfactory result.

Distance run:—Tiverton to a village 5 miles from Tor Point, viâ Exeter, Plymouth, 73 miles; roads, cannot find a sufficiently forcible adjective. Calm.

October 2nd.—TOR POINT TO PENZANCE.

I was well looked after last night in my little country inn. A nice tea in the parlour, good stories at the bar; then on "retiring to rest" (as the goody, goody books express it) I found in my room rows of ripe odoriferous apples, ready prepared for me, in case I should be seized with the pangs of hunger during the night; and to tell you the truth I pegged into one or two of them before turning in.

In the morning mine hostess called me punctually at 4-45. She enlivened me with her cheerful conversation during breakfast, and wound up the entertainment by giving me her best wishes on my departure at 5·45, and all this for four shillings!!

We ran merrily to Liskeard, where I was just in time to catch the milkmaid (aged 69) in the dairy at 8.10.

Whilst running down the long steep hill which leads

from Liskeard into the valley beyond, I nearly came to grief. Chummy was again very restive, hopping about like a "parched pea in a frying pan," and on the wheel striking one of the large stones with which the road was covered, he made a most determined attempt to rid himself of me, by shying right across the road, but it was futile, for keeping my eyes to the front, I hung on like grim death to a thunderbolt.

At the bottom we ran through a most lovely wooded gorge, which taking it altogether I think is the prettiest bit of scenery I have yet come across.

The variegated foliage, the rushing stream, the mossy banks, and hedges laden with blackberries were charming; whilst every now and then, at a turn of the road, a latticed railway-bridge hanging airily over a gully, produced a most picturesque effect.

By-the-bye, those railway viaducts appear from the road to be very gingerbread constructions, and on my return by rail I wasn't at all sorry when we had safely passed over them all—the authorities must think that they are not so strong as they might be, for I noticed that they are being gradually replaced with solid stone ones.

As the beauties of this gorge may be unknown to many, let me advise all lovers of nature who have it in their power, to train to Liskeard and drive from there to Bodmin; they will be amply repaid for their trouble.

At the end of the valley the road ascended to a higher and less interesting country, then dipped down into Bodmin, which is situated in a dell. I arrived there at 10 o'clock, and instead of going to an hotel I went to *the* chemist's shop where I was treated to zoedone and biscuits in the parlour.

A tricycle is evidently a new animal in this "far

west country" because, accustomed as Chummy is to an admiring crowd, the one at Bodmin "out Heroded Herod;" every available space was occupied, and the street was densely thronged by men and women, who gazed in silent awe for some time, until one man bolder than the rest put forth his hand, just touched the machine and drew it back quickly as if it had burnt him. Being uninjured and reassured, he tried the experiment again, and so on until I was obliged to have it carried into the shop for protection.

The chemist most kindly made me an elaborate plan of my road to Truro, and, like a good citizen, he was full of the importance of his own little town, and laid stress upon the fact that a certain point in the churchyard was the exact centre of the county. With my usual politeness I proved myself to be a good listener, and showed the great interest I took in his eloquent peroration by occasionally ejaculating "Indeed," "Really," "Fancy," "Oh my." The bland little gentleman having at last exhausted himself, I wished him well and departed at 10.30.

The road took us down at first, then we had a long rise to the moorland, from whence there is usually an extensive view, which I was denied, for the threatening rain had commenced to fall in torrents, and the wind which had been dead foul all day, now freshened considerably.

I stopped and put on my waterproof (or what should have been one), then with bent head and close reefed hat, I battled my way against the elements with my utmost power.

It was hard work, the wind being most distressing. Fortunately the road was almost as smooth as a billiard table, and I came to the conclusion that even

this sort of thing was preferable to bucketting about on Devonshire roads.

I was obliged to stop several times,—at first for milk,—but after getting wet through I kept my spirits *up* by pouring spirits *down*.

We ran on a dead level for about five miles over the moor country, then down a steady decline until within about two miles of Truro, when the road gradually ascended again; the approach to the town, with a peep of water every now and then, was almost as lovely as the gorge before mentioned; but as you may suppose the rain acted rather as a "wet blanket" to my enthusiam about scenery.

I put up at the hotel at about 2 o'clock, and was very glad to have a good rinse down, and some refreshment. Being wet through I thought it better to keep on the move, so after having had a look round at the pretty little town, and the site of the new cathedral, I mounted my "staunch adherent" feeling that the journey before me was more like a task to be done than a pleasure excursion, for both "Brother" and myself were in a very moist and unpleasant condition.

It was 4.10 when we reached the high ground above Truro. We soon warmed to our work, and, as before stated, the perfect condition of the highway was a great encouragement, in fact, it would have been folly to have attempted this journey on Devonshire roads; the wind, too, was now on the beam, and as we altered course it gradually came on the quarter, thus rendering the travelling much less fatiguing, but somehow the rain appeared to be just as wet as it was before.

When about four or five miles beyond Truro, we came

to what seemed likely to prove an awkward descent, so as is my usual custom I appealed to a pedestrian, who declared it did not run any steeper; whereupon I let rip,—immediately afterwards a turn of the road displayed a long, sharp, smooth, and greasy hill, which at the bottom turned nearly at right angles into a village; to add to my dilemma some waggons were coming up.

I instantly put on the brake and endeavoured to bring the machine under control, but Chummy was too quick for me, and seizing the opportunity he again got the "bit between his teeth."

A terrible catastrophe was in prospect!!

My tricycle, which had got the mastery of me, was not only flying at a tremendous pace, but it was going faster and faster every second; a massive stone wall loomed ominously ahead, and to escape being smashed into a jelly against it, seemed an impossibility.

I was just beginning to think that "all was lost," and being unknown in this part of the world, "how could my friends ever hear of the dreadful accident," . . . when I espied a siding leading up to the gate of a field; it being a case of neck or nothing, I without a moment's hesitation headed Chummy for this welcome *incline;* he took the gutter most cleverly, and with the assistance of the brake I brought him up "all standing" close to the bars of the gate.

I shall not easily forget the startled look of two countrymen whom I had (in my mad career) passed an instant before, at the rate of so to speak 1000 miles an hour. My extraordinary manœuvre appeared to have completely dumbfounded them, for instead of finding me knocked into the consistency of oakum as

they expected, they saw me dismount and walk on as if nothing had happened.

This little affair gave me rather "a turn," and making up my mind to go most circumspectly whilst the roads were in this slippery condition I walked down several doubtful gradients; but by-and-bye on coming to a moderate decline, I decided to ride down very carefully, so, putting a good strain on the brake, I proceeded very gingerly until nearly abreast of a cart coming up, when seeing all clear ahead I let rip again. At that very instant, a boy (gifted with a very large bump of curiosity) darted out from behind the cart towards me.

To clear him I at once starboarded, but in my hurry gave her too much helm, and finding myself sheering across the road, I ported to straighten her. But owing to the steering gear having too much play I again put the helm too much over; and although unconscious of it I must also have somewhat lost my balance, for the machine skidded on one wheel for a moment, during which short space of time I thought, "It really is a case now, I wonder whether it will be a leg, or shall I be let off with a compound fracture of the arm." When bang, crash, bang, bang, and all was as still as death!!

For an instant I instinctively held my breath, not daring to move for fear of knowing the result,—then I thought and acted as follows: "Legs broken," "No." "Arms correct," "Yes, hurrah," rise to my feet. Ah, here is the skin off the palm of my left hand, trousers in ribbons, right leg cut and bruised. What an escape!! Why I must have been going from 12 to 15 miles an hour.

Now for poor Chummy lying on his beam ends on the opposite side of the road. No Penzance for me to-day. Why what luck, I have fallen exactly opposite a blacksmith's shop, who will be able to repair the damage done.

I uprighted my beloved fellow traveller, and with tears in my eyes and blood upon my coat, I examined his woe-begone condition. "Wheels and axles look right, the steering gear is all smashed, no it isn't. Well I do declare, that after this I will never growl about my luck again. The machine is undamaged!!!" Such was my soliloquy when the smarting pain of my hand and leg caused me to think about myself.

The blacksmith, hard at work, had not noticed the accident, but he now came to the front, and instead of getting him to minister to the injuries of my tricycle, I had to request him to attend to my own, which he and his wife were most willing to do, and acted the part of the good Samaritan to perfection.

They washed, anointed, and bound up my wounds, with the utmost concern, gentleness, and skill; gave me as much new milk as I could drink, and then indignantly repudiated the idea of reward. I could only induce this good man to take a shilling by tossing him heads *you* win, tails *I* lose. Not seeing the joke he accepted the money, and I continued my way with a feeling of gratitude for my recent "let off," and a fixed determination to tempt Providence no more that night.

I systematically walked down every hill, and when it became dusk I endeavoured to get some notion of the road ahead of me, but I found the stalwart Cornish miner more vague in his replies than anyone I had yet met. The following is an example:—"How is

the road beyond ?" "It's all right." "Is it hilly ?" "Oh, it's all right." "Are there any steep hills near here ?" "I tell you, you'll find it right." But as I had just practically proved that it was not always "right" their announcements did not give me much to go by.

My motto now was, "When in doubt get off and walk," which made it slow work.

How comically some of these Cornish towns and villages are situated. Redruth, for instance, is built in a gully, the main street goes down like the side of a house to the middle of the town, then rises up again at the same inconvenient angle. I should like to know how they manage to transport their heavy goods there.

Being market day, it was with difficulty that Chummy and myself could wend our way through the narrow and crowded streets.

I did not stop at Redruth, but paddled carefully along to Camborne, which was also animated by a busy crowd, both buying and selling.

It now became dark, and I had to proceed with greater caution than ever, not having any correct information about the road. I tried hard to get some news out of a man who was driving a donkey-cart by my side for some time; after giving a number of evasive answers to my repeated questions, he angrily said, "Oh, you know the road as well as I do, or you'd not be out here at this time of night!! and whipping his ass into a trot he went ahead. But Chummy strongly objected to being outstripped by that most despised of all beasts, so we put on a little spurt and rode parallel to my irascible friend until he turned off somewhere, when we resumed our former sedate pace.

Shortly before 8 o'clock Hayle lights hove in sight,

and, mending my speed, I entered that town accompanied by a crowd of high-spirited boys. These, running alongside, kindly heralded my progress through the badly-lighted streets, by the blowing of penny whistles, two-penny trumpets, and other sonorous and expensive musical instruments. This acted like "Guard turn out" in a barrack, for all hands ran to the doors to see what important personage was thus paying them a nocturnal visit.

You must know that it had been raining steadily all this time, and what with my torn pantaloons and the mud, I was about as rowdy a looking "customer" as you can imagine. So much so that it was with diffidence I entered an hotel, and with meekness that I requested a cup of tea, but on being re-assured by the kindly manner of the hostess, I caused two cups of Souchong and some thin slices of bread and butter to disappear in a very short time.

Having studied my personal appearance in a mirror, I calculated that the odds were against any respectable hotel-keeper taking in so rough a looking individual, with but little baggage at a late hour of the night; so I decided to prepare them for my advent by means of a telegram, and concocting the following, I was just in time to send it off before the office closed.

"I want a room to-night, expect me in a most disreputable and forlorn condition about ten—have hot bath ready."

Having dispatched this, I once more got under way, but the night was pitchy dark, and not knowing the locality of Hayle, I was so bewildered to find water on my starboard hand that I halted, and not liking to go either forward or backward for fear of falling into

some hole, I waited patiently until a van came up. The driver told me "I was right," and kindly offered me a lift; on my telling him that I was riding a tricycle he strongly advised me to get up, machine and all; but resolving to play out the farce to the bitter end, I declined with thanks, and moved forward with the utmost caution. It was impossible to see the road or anything else, and I should not have been astonished to have found myself off the track and on to the brink of a chalk pit at any moment, and although the road appeared to be a gentle decline I did not dare remove my feet from the pedals for an instant.

Hurrah! Penzance lights at last! but they appeared to me to be a kind of Will' o' Wisp, for the faster I went (at all hazards I went quicker now) the further they danced away, and now the road became a quagmire, but ploughing through it, I eventually reached the foot of the hill on which the town is built, and arrived at the "Queen's" at 10.20.

I was glad to find that my shilling had not been thrown away, for they received me with the same ceremony as they would have done a duke in full togs, and with perhaps more curiosity. The room and bath were ready, and in the short space of half an hour I appeared in a cleanly and presentable condition, and having donned a new paper collar I was fit for any society. The lady manager very kindly re-dressed my hand, then I soon made a large supper look small, and it was only after repeated hints from the waiter that I could be induced to turn in.

Distance run:—Near Tor Point to Penzance, viâ Bodmin, 81 miles; 14 in dark; strong variable wind and rain. Roads very hilly, smooth and greasy.

October 3rd.—PENZANCE AND LAND'S END.

Turned out at 8.30, and after a good tub I felt "quite fit," my hand and leg were doing very well, otherwise a little stiffness was the only reminder of yesterday's exertions and ducking.

I had been a short time at breakfast when a gentleman took his place beside me. Since my Salisbury experience I have been rather chary about commencing conversation with strangers, but as there seemed to be a kind of merry twinkle about the right eye of my left hand neighbour, I opened the campaign with a remark on the weather (what should we do without that useful topic?). He thought "it would be a fine day." Thus encouraged I ventured to discuss the distances, and the ways and means of seeing the Logan Stone and Land's End; my other messmates having now found their tongues, joined in and informed us that it would be a twenty-five mile walk. This was rather too much of a good thing after all my racketting about, so it ended in the genial gentleman and myself going together in a trap.

On halting at the village, a guide tendered his services, these were accepted, not because we thought he would be any good, but with the idea of gaining peace from importunity.

Now it was very fortunate that we did take this man, for in the first place I don't think we should have "hit off" the right stone without him, and in the next I, with my mutilated limbs, could not have got up to it without his assistance.

Our factotum took us across the fields, to an elevated part of the cliff, then turning he said in an impressive manner, "There, gentlemen, is the Logan Stone." We

looked first this way, then that, then at one another, but divil a stone could we see; and we told him so too.

"Why don't you see those two pieces of loose rock, lying on that mass of granite?"

"Yes."

"The one on the right is it."

"Dear me! how disappointing," was our mutual exclamation, for both of us expected to see a young mountain most delicately poised in a conspicuous position; but having come all that way we thought it better to "do" it properly, so we scrambled up and shook the celebrity; noticed the traces of Lieut. Goldsmith's folly, then wriggled round to a point from whence we realized how little bearing the stone really had.

After collecting a few ferns we returned to the trap and drove to the Land's End Hotel. Leaving the carriage there we walked down to what my affable friend supposed to be the extreme southern point of England; but on failing to find "Arry's" initials, I shrewdly concluded that the next point would be it, and so it was, the rocks being covered with the name of that ubiquitous sight-seer.

I had hoped to see a heavy surf on, but it was as calm as a millpond. The cliffs were not impressive, so after looking round a bit, shying stones at different objects, and indulging in a few other harmless amusements, we "whetted our whistles" at the inn and started off on our return to Penzance.

In the course of an agreeable conversation with my new acquaintance it transpired that our relations were well known to one another. "The world is very small," at least so say the penny-a-liners.

After our arrival at the hotel we walked round the town, and admired St. Michael's Mount, which I thought a rum place to live in.

October 4th.—PENZANCE TO LONDON.

I looked at the deluge of rain this morning with indifference, for having made up my mind to return by rail, I felt delightfully independent of the weather.

Chummy was taken down to the station, and we travelled by the "Flying Dutchman."

I felt railway travelling to be the height of luxury, and scanned with interest the scene of my labours from the carriage windows.

Whilst yarning with my carriage mates the conversation turned on Stonehenge, which one gentleman declared to be made of constructed stones, and not of masses of rock as is generally supposed; he considered that to transport and raise them into their present position with the appliances they had in those days, would have been an impossibility. I differed, but we did not quarrel about it.

What a capital train that "Dutchman" is, we got into Paddington to the minute, and Chummy and myself put up at the Railway Hotel.

After turning in, I turned over in my mind the programme for the morrow, which was satisfactorily settled except the question, how to get my mate expeditiously and conveniently across London. This puzzled me for some time, at last I "hit the right nail on the head," "slued over on the other tack," and went to sleep.

October 5th.—After breakfast I got a four-wheeler

alongside, on the top of which poor Chummy was placed in the rain, and with the two wheels firmly strapped to the stern iron work, we crossed London to Victoria without his budging an inch, much to the astonishment of the good people who apparently had never seen a tricycle in so novel a position before.

Taking the 4.20 we reached Margate at the usual time.

Summary of Cruise No. 2.

The weather was calm and fine until the last day.

Spill No. 1 was due to the small wheel striking the fallen lamp; the hind part of the machine reared up, and I must have lost both "my head" and my balance, because I have often been over large stones, both before and since without an accident.

Spill No. 2. On inspecting the steering arrangement after the accident, I found the thread of the screw to be worn, this allowed it too much play, and caused the helm to act with uncertainty. This was not apparent under ordinary circumstances. A piece of steel let in, remedied this defect.

I was rather timid about the strength of the brake gear, therefore, for "put on the brake as hard as possible" read, as hard as considered prudent.

The advantage of the spoon brake is simplicity and non-liability to get out of order, but it is not sufficiently powerful when the mud acts as a lubricator.

The principle of the Salvo brake seems to me to be the best.

Total distance run:—442 miles; distance run in the dark, 51.

THIRD CRUISE.

During my former trips I have invariably been delayed, by starting late, or by some sight-seeing during the day; but on this occasion my sole object was to get to Oundle by Saturday night, and I had nothing else to think about, but "how to get over the ground." Nevertheless, I had two drawbacks. 1. Short days. 2. Ignorance of the country through which I was about to pass.

October 15th.—Margate to Dunmow.

5.45, piped to breakfast; 6.35, started from Cliftonville, Margate; 6.45, cleared the town. I soon became aware that my day's work was cut out for me, for the best road I was likely to travel upon, viz.—that from Margate to Canterbury, instead of being in its usual splendid condition, was soft and cut up, but the weather was calm, a most important consideration.

I passed through Canterbury, without stopping, at 8.30, and hoped the road would improve. No, it was the same; occasionally I used the footpath for a short distance; passing by Faversham, I went on and ran through Sittingbourne, with the idea of continuing to Chatham. But this heavy work on a light breakfast was beginning to tell upon me, and on coming to Rainham at 11.45. I hove to at an inn, thus doing 40

miles without a halt except to "oil up," and that came pretty frequently. For, shortly after starting, some part of the machine began to sing out; I at once dismounted and oiled what appeared to be the part complaining,—resumed,—presently it howled again; repeated the former manœuvre, being sure it was all right this time; it ran quietly enough for ten minutes, when squeak, squeak, squeak it went. "Hang the thing," I shall "let it sweat," said I to myself. I stood it for a short time longer, when I got off in a rage and lubricated every mortal thing I could get the point of the feeder to bear upon,—it was no use, and to the present moment I don't know what that "day mare" was.

To return to my yarn. I entered the inn, got into an arm chair, put my legs on another, and remained in that position, whilst I refreshed myself with an egg beaten up in milk.

At noon I started off again, feeling stiff and rather "done," but this soon wore off, and the exercise of walking down and up the hills of Chatham brought my muscles right again.

After passing through Rochester the road was firmer and better. My first view of the river was peculiar, for the ships appeared to be sailing on the tops of the hills. On getting nearer, I found that this effect was produced by the haze of the atmosphere, and by the river being on a higher level than the fields.

Arrived at the Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend, at 1.35 feeling less fatigued than at Rainham, and my usual wash down put me apparently all right; but the state of my stomach gave proof of my unusual *exertions;* it did not like thick soup, and would only

take a small quantity of cold beef (I ate too soon). As the ferry did not start until 3.30, I thought it prudent to lie at full length on a sofa, with the bolster under the small of my back, for half an hour.

At 3.30 we crossed the river to Tilbury Fort, and on landing got away at once. After tacking about that dismal marsh-road for some time, the track headed us inland, where I was stupidly sent half a mile out of my way, and had to come back again,—one of the best tests for keeping one's temper that I know of.

My routine is to determine my course beforehand, noting down in my pocket book the principal places to pass through; this is all very well in theory, but what with the map being somewhat incorrect, and the bewildering network of roads, the only way of getting about an unknown country is by frequent inquiries, the turnings are so deceptive.

Well to continue, I kept my temper, and got to Brentwood without further incident. My object in pushing on was to reach the main thoroughfare before dark, and I succeeded in striking into it at dusk, but I was sorry to find it in the same condition as those passed over in the morning. No doubt in this sandy soil, a by-road, if in any order at all, is firmer and better to run on than the main, which is cut up by the traffic; but in making a passage through a strange neighbourhood it is safer to stick to the highway, which accounts for my somewhat round-about route to-day.

At Brentwood Chummy and myself had a "liquor up," then we tooled along to Chelmsford, favoured with the light of a semi-obscured moon, also by the configuration of the road, which was more down than up-hill.

On getting under weigh this morning my programme was to anchor for the night at Chelmsford, if I could possibly get so far, which was doubtful; but here we were entering the town at 7.40, the night was calm, the moon emerging, and both Chummy and myself had a "kick left in us" yet. "Why not get on whilst the weather is favourable? to-morrow it may rain, or blow against, and other obstacles may stand in the way of progression."

"I will consult the ostler," was my mental answer to these reflections. We held a council of war in the stable-yard; there was a great gathering of the authorities, all of whom appeared to have a different opinion on the point in question, viz.—which was the worst road, for, from what I could understand, all the roads were as bad as bad could be.

Their language was beginning to be more forcible than polite, and the argument had degenerated into, "Yes it is." "No it is'nt," "I tell you 'tis," when fearing it would end in a pistol and coffee business, I put my oar in and decided in favour of Dunmow. After "wiring into" a good tea, I hunted up Chummy, and mounting once more, I started with the conviction that we had plenty to go through before I pressed my couch that evening, and that there was a chance of not getting one at all at the small inn for which we were bound. The hotel inmates must have thought so too, for they crowded to the door with looks of curiosity and compassion.

I found that these good people had "piled up the agony" without sufficient reason. The road was certainly rather bad for five or six miles; after that, although hilly, it was in splendid condition, and we

rattled along by the light of the moon right merrily. But I was again sent a mile out of my way, and the following will give the reader some idea of what the 'cyclist has to contend with.

When passing through Barnston (I think that was the name of the village), I was told by a policeman to be sure and go straight on without turning anywhere, this instruction was repeated by another man, whom I met a mile or so further on.

Shortly afterwards I came to a place where a road branched off to the left, whilst mine went straight ahead. On noticing a guide post I stopped and endeavoured to read it without success, then, on seeing a light in the window of a house, I walked towards it with the idea of asking the way, but second thoughts said this would be folly and waste of time, when my directions were so very clear. So I went on again for about a mile, when "spotting" another light I determined to make sure. After knocking once or twice a man appeared, and the following passed between us.

"Is this the way to Dunmow, please?"

"No, you ought to have gone straight on at——."

"That is just what I have done, the other road turned off to the left."

"Ah well, we call *that* the straight road and *this* the turning." !!

Thanking him for this Essexian wrinkle I "bout ship" and shaped course in the right direction, and without further incident drew up alongside the hotel at 10.15.

It was with some little anxiety that I entered and asked a maid if I could be put up for the night; not being able to solve the knotty question herself, she called the landlady.

You should have seen the perplexed countenance of that good woman as she looked on the luckless wight standing coatless and paper collarless before her at that unseasonable hour of the night.

Visions of "a ruffian creeping in at the dead hour —a prolonged shriek—a ghastly throat cut from ear to ear," were passing through her mind,—or "perhaps," thought she, "he may let us off by only walking away with the 'slack' of the plate chest."

And yet she did not like to drive a customer from her door on mere suspicion. In order that she might recover herself, I repeated, "Can I have a bed to night," in the sweetest and most dulcet tone I could muster for the occasion. It had the desired effect, she falteringly murmured (as do some young ladies when a certain question is put) "ye e e s." Then there was a whispered consultation with the maid, which I guessed to be, "put him in —— room you know; and Jemima — after he's in bed just turn the key on the outside quite by mistake, you understand."

The landlord now came forward and (to keep me under surveillance I suppose) volunteered to assist me to put poor Chummy to bed. Whilst about this job, I chaffed him on the reception his wife had given me, and requested a better room. The desired change was effected on our return.

After tea I had a very pleasant chat with them all in the bar parlour, and we parted at midnight on the most friendly terms, the landlord giving me a night-cap by saying that the road before me was the hilliest and the worst in the county.

Distance run:—Margate to Dunmow, viâ Graves-end, Brentwood, Chelmsford, 98 miles; majority of

roads heavy from recent rains. Sent out of my way 2½ miles; ferry, half a mile; total, 101 miles.

Ran in the dark 28 miles.

October 16th.—DUNMOW TO OUNDLE.

Started at 7.30, my worthy helpmate and myself both feeling quite "fit" for the heavy day's work we expected to be in store for us. It was decidedly rugged to Thaxted, a small town on an eminence, which in the distance appeared to me to be "all church;" the latter certainly is a splendid edifice, but very disproportioned to the number of inhabitants.

It now began to drizzle, and the road to Saffron Walden was anything but good riding. Chummy and myself refreshed ourselves respectively with oil and milk at the hotel there. My guide book informed me that Cromwell had once made this his head-quarters: but this child did not care a hang about him nor any other defunct celebrity: all I wanted to do was to get to Oundle before dark; and not knowing what difficulties might be in my path, I wasted no time, but putting on a full head of steam, we rapidly progressed on a good road to Cambridge, and ran alongside the "Bull" at 11 o'clock.

Lunched while other people were having their breakfast, then visited King's College Chapel. I had seen it before, but was anxious to compare it with the many churches and chapels I had lately examined; moreover, as a rule, I enjoy the second view of anything more than the first, it is so difficult to "take in" everything at once; and the impression soon becomes hazy. So it proved in this case; I had not half appreciated on my former visit the beautiful fan-traced roof and the painted windows of this building.

I left the scholastic capital at 12.45, and traversed the heaviest and most monotonous road I have been on this cruise. I got sick and tired of ploughing over its soft surface; and was glad to find an excuse to dismount at any slight rise on this most level thoroughfare. At Cambridge I ascertained that Oundle was not so far as I expected, so I did not force the running.

After 13 miles of this trying work Godmanchester hove in sight, and passing that town I entered Huntingdon, a very dead-and-alive looking place. I was obliged to walk through its narrow paved streets; after crossing the Ouse the road became firm and smooth again, which, giving Chummy and myself a fresh lease of life, we astonished the natives by the way in which we got over the ground. Porting the helm at Brampton Hatt, we put it hard-a-starboard at Alconbry where we went from the "sublime to the ridiculous," or, in other words, from a perfectly-kept highway, on to what appeared to be the bed of a river. This proved to be the case, for the owner of a cottage hard by told me that her parlour had been converted into a swimming bath by the recent floods; and on coming to a bridge I saw a man mending the handrail which had been partly washed away, although it was now 12 to 15 feet above the stream.

Chummy struck work here, and I had to walk. Presently we came to a ford with deep black mud for some distance on either side. Now a joke is a joke, but we must "draw the line" somewhere; and my face was beginning to assume a very lantern-jawed appearance, when a narrow bridge came in view, over which my "weight-carrier" had just room to pass, without wetting his toes.

What with walking the rough, and riding the more passable bits of this very cross-country track, I succeeded in reaching Hammerton; where, being in no hurry, I had some tea at an inn. The road from here was not quite so much like a torrent bed; and at Barnwell junction we emerged on to the highway. The sight of two bicyclists ahead, tempted me to spurt up to, and race them the remaining two miles and a half into Oundle, where we arrived at 5.50 in excellent time to make ourselves respectable before dinner.

Distance run :—Dunmow to Oundle, viâ Cambridge and Huntingdon, 71 miles; roads varying from very good to very bad; calm.

At Oundle.

Oundle is a charming little town of nice old-fashioned houses and well-kept streets. The church has a beautiful tower and spire in perfect harmony with one another. There is also a good school which is just getting its "name up."

During my stay I went in company with a fellow tricylist to Dene, Lady Cardigan's picturesque country-seat. In the church we saw the tomb of his late lordship, on which were the well-executed figures of both Lord and Lady Cardigan.

About a mile further on (ten miles in all) we went over the ruins of Lord Winchelsea's mansion at Kirby.

It was sad to see what must have once been a splendid house, not going, but positively gone, to ruin; for the ducks and geese promenaded in, and made more than one use of the banqueting hall, the birds and the bats made themselves at home in the fine

suite of apartments on the first floor, whilst apparently the rats had the "run of their teeth" everywhere.

This is a great picnic rendezvous, the members of which gatherings immortalize themselves by scribbling their names on the walls, and when they are hard up for something to do they have a "shy" at the windows; the result being that there is scarcely a whole pane of glass left.

My companion was rather a "lame duck" at first, but after a little prompting he did very well.

Trip to — House.

On another afternoon I had intended to go with a bicyclist to — House, but business detaining him I found my way there alone. I had taken care to ascertain that it was the right day before starting. On reaching the gates I asked again, and was re-assured by being told that the mansion was open to the public.

On dismounting in the court-yard, an individual with powdered hair, after surveying me out of the corner of his left eye, slowly approached. Whereupon (knowing myself to be in the presence of an important personage) I blandly requested permission to view the interior. The following passed between us:—

"Oh, no," was the curt reply.

"Indeed, I was informed at the gate that the house was open."

"Yes, but not to you."

("My ill-fame has preceded me," thought I.) "Why not?"

"Because you can't go in alone, there must be two, or no admittance."

"This is passing strange, I have never been treated this way before."

"Different houses have different arrangements, this is OURS."

Determining not to be "done" I decided to try the card trick.

"Will you kindly take my card to her ladyship?"

"She's out."

"To the housekeeper then?"

"It's no use, you can't get in."

"Perhaps not, but I wish the experiment to be tried."

"It's no good, I'll take your card, but she couldn't give you leave if she wanted to," and away he went in dudgeon.

He returned again in about five minutes, and told me in a changed manner, and with a voice slightly tinged with respect, "I might go in, if prepared to pay double fare and the porter's fee!" My monkey was up. I would have paid ten times the fare rather than go to leeward.

Once inside all was changed. A very charming young damsel showed me the billiard table made from the wreck of the "Royal George;" the various good paintings; the bed the Queen slept in when Princess Victoria, and the one which Her Majesty and Prince Consort had occupied on their visit to the house; the Queen's gloves in a glass case; the oak planted by Queen Elizabeth; and many other interesting things.

On bowing myself out, there was my friend standing "sentry go" over my poor harmless, faithful and docile steed.

The reader may guess his little game as I did.

My first intention was to "cut him dead," but on

second thoughts I "heaped coals of fire on his head" by giving him a shilling with good grace; and vaulting into my saddle I resolved never to lay myself open to such humiliation again. During my solitary drive home I made up my mind that if ever I inherited a noble mansion I would not place it in the power of my servants to bring it into bad odour with any of the public, however insignificant the person might be.

It was now becoming dusk, but the distance being short (15 miles), and the probability of meeting anything small, I thought it not worth while to light my lamp. It shows how careful a 'cyclist should be, for this culpable neglect very nearly brought me to "howling grief" twice.

(1.) I was running down a slope at the rate of from 10 to 12 miles an hour with my "legs up," when, observing that the road ahead had a suspiciously white appearance, I put on the brake hard, and just succeeded in bringing up close to the stern of a large flock of sheep, thus narrowly escaping a cropper into the middle of them.

(2.) After this I resolved to take every precaution by running close to the left side, and by keeping a sharp look-out; but as the road was in splendid order I could not help "letting out," and was pegging along at a fine rate over rather a soft bit, when suddenly I found a dog-cart — so to speak—right under my bows. To yell and sheer on to the grass was the work of a second; and talk about being able to "throw a biscuit a-board of her," why I declare a postage stamp would not have gone between our axletrees when "passing on opposite tacks."

The lubber was driving rapidly and silently on the wrong side of the road.

I calculated that he was going ten miles an hour, and I was running rather more. Now if we had met stem on, there would have been an end to Chummy and myself—he would have been converted into a cocked hat, and I should have lost the number of my mess.

Thanking my stars for my "postage stamp" escape, I got home safely.

Distance:—About Oundle, 51 miles. In the dark, 15 miles.

October 25th.—OUNDLE TO ST. ALBANS.

Left Oundle at 9.20 A.M. After running on the Thrapstone highway for three or four miles, the finger post sent me to the left and on to a by-road, which in some places was very rough from having been recently submerged.

At Molesworth we picked up the main thoroughfare again and rattled along at a grand pace to Kimbolton, where I went wrong. The man who put me square remarked, "You've got a rum road to travel on." "Why?" "Because it curves so." *Apropos* of that remark, it seems to me that as regards distances, there is a great similarity between the sailor and the 'cyclist. The former spreads out his chart and by means of a pair of compasses ascertains the voyage from port to port to be, say 1000 miles; but shortly after leaving harbour the wind becomes contrary, and instead of heading straight for his destination he has to approach it by a series of angles or tacks. And

such is my experience on three wheels. On my map a delightfully straight road is seen, but on travelling the same I find it twists and turns like an eel, thus making the distance about one-fourth more than bargained for.

Now as it happened, these turnings on the road to Bedford were to-day very appropriate for me a sailor, for the wind being in my teeth, I approached that town in the truly nautical style of the redoubtable Commodore Trunnion when bound to his wedding.

The autumn tints in the Duke of Manchester's park were very lovely. I had a glorious run to Bedford and faced Bunyan's Monument at 12.27 (to be particular), thus doing 29 miles in 3 hrs. 7 min. over a strange road, 2 miles of which were bad, necessitating an occasional dismount.

After stowing my hold, I visited the Congregational Church in Wills Street, and saw Bunyan's communion table, which is now divided, one half being used for the church, the other kept in the school-room. I felt bound to go through the routine of sitting in Bunyan's chair, and can certify that it is a comfortable one. I then took another good look at the Statue, an excellent likeness of his portrait in the vestry.

At 2 o'clock I trundled to Elstow, where I peeped into the cottage in which this remarkable man was born, but seeing nothing particular, I walked on to the Village Green from which he is supposed to have seen the Vision which led to his conversion. As it looked like any other village recreation ground, I withdrew and enquired my way to Dunstable. The man I asked had apparently never heard of such a place, so I produced my map, and selected a village *en*

route (Willshamstead), "Straight on, Sir," said he; to make certain I asked again a mile further on, "Yes, I was on the right road." At Willshamstead I was sent to the right, and after journeying about two miles in that direction, I inquired once more. "Oh you've come the wrong way for Dunstable," said my informant, "but now you had better go," &c., &c.

This bothered me completely. In my map the road is like a weather main-top bowline, and here I am being sent hither and thither, and told I am right one minute and wrong the next. "The confounded map is all wrong," I exclaimed in a rage, and "I'll pitch the thing into the fire when I get to Dunstable, if I ever do." Having worked myself into a passion, I vented my spleen upon poor Chummy, by driving him at full speed over the stones and through the ruts of what was now a vile road.

But my temper was still further to be tried by nothing more nor less than minute insects.

During my cruises these pests have given me great annoyance by getting into my eyes at most inconvenient times, and I have frequently had to boom them off for hours at a stretch, by keeping the head low, with the brim of my hat turned down. It was natural to expect that the recent cold weather had destroyed them, but apparently they took advantage of a warm moist evening to be on the "loose" again.

On coming to a long decline, I cocked up my legs and was enjoying a delightful *glissade;* when bang came a fly into my left eye, the shock being just as if a fellow had given me a tremendous slap across the bows.

I was beginning to recover from this, and was

steering pretty well by squinting out of the other eye, when whack came fly No. 2 into my right peeper.

A pretty pickle I was in. Both eyes bunged up, both hands engaged, and the tricycle running down the hill at the rate of knots.

If I attempted to raise the right hand the machine would bound into the ditch, and on removing the left, Chummy would be free to run away with me.

No laughing matter, Mr. Reader. I had proved my head to be of more than average thickness in Cornwall, but not being at all anxious to test its solidity again, I put the brake on in a most desperate manner, and by means of blinking like an owl in a strong light, I fortunately managed to sheer on to a soft bit, where I brought to and cleared up decks.

I next came to Malden, then to Fletwick, where I nearly frightened another old woman to death, quite unintentionally of course. I had just turned to the left after crossing the railway bridge, when seeing an old lady driving a donkey cart I overhauled her, and when well on her quarter, I (in rather a loud sharp tone) said, "Is this the way to Dunstable?" What a start that poor woman did give to be sure, she very nearly capsized the little cart she was sitting in, and she turned as white as a sheet. I was so sorry for her, and having made ample apologies, I put full steam on again, and after passing through Toddington and Houghton Regis, I really did arrive at Dunstable at dusk.

Being anxious to see the Priory before it was dark, I inquired the way; a man who was going there offered to show it me. I followed him down the street *until he* stopped. All the way along I had been con-

juring up in my mind splendid Norman arches—the evening light softened and mellowed by beautiful painted windows, &c., when on raising my eyes I saw before me something more like a brewery than a priory; it was with diffidence that I told the good man my opinion, because sailors as a rule have not much eye for architecture. "Yes, that's it," said he, but noticing my perplexed look, it suddenly dawned upon him that it was the *Church* I wanted.

The west front of the Priory has a very aged and romantic appearance; two or three gas jets dimly shewed the interior, which has lately been restored.

I now had tea, and set to work to solve this road mystery which preyed upon me very much.

With the aid of a county map I found I had made a curious mistake. In mine, the word Dunstable extended from one road to another with a dot for a town at either end. In making out my route, I had jumped to the conclusion that the dot nearest the E must be the position of Dunstable, whereas it proved to be the one nearest the D. Willshamstead was not on the road at all. I ought to have come viâ Ampthill; but as my intended anchorage for the night was St. Albans, I should have skipped Dunstable if I had been aware of its true situation.

Thus by failing to read the map intelligently I have had a journey of 26 miles on bad roads, instead of 20 on good, and gone wrong "*in toto*" into the bargain.

As the weather was beginning to look "fishy," I resolved to push on to St. Albans so as to have London well under my lee in case of its breaking up.

At 6.30 P.M. I lighted my new lamp and resumed the saddle. After working cautiously through the inky

darkness for two or three miles, a man hailed from the foot-path, "You're going very slowly," at the same time making a dash in my direction; this I was nclined to ignore at first, but as his drunken object appeared to be an assault, I put on a spurt and soon left him "Where the little boat was."

My lamp now began to get sulky, and while I was stirring the wick up with my penknife it went out. As it really only rendered the darkness more visible, I ran on for some distance without it, but my better judgment caused me to relight it, and as the wind was blowing strong a nice little job I had to do so. First of all the phosphorus did nothing but fizz and go out. When by great care I managed to get a flame, a stronger puff than usual was sure to extinguish it, and, slue Chummy as I would, there was always the same old gale of wind blowing into the lamp (it was fixed on the machine). At last having actually got the lamp alight I was just closing the door with a sigh of relief, when "puff," and all was darkness again.

But patience is a very successful virtue, and in the course of time the lamp was once more burning brightly and I was moving along gingerly through Market Street and Redbourn.

8.30 arrived at St. Albans, having quite enjoyed my nocturnal ride of 14 miles on a perfect Macadam.

Distance run:—Oundle to St. Albans viâ Bedford, Dunstable, 73 miles, 14 in dark. Capital roads, wind ahead.

October 26th.—St. Albans to Margate.

On turning out, the first thing I noticed was the wet tiles of the next house. Yes, raining hard, and

on consulting the glass, I found that the mercury had nearly fallen through the bottom of the barometer.

Now this was most disappointing; because Chummy and myself were in capital form, and I was most anxious to wind up my summer's cruise by visiting the scene of my boyhood at Winchester, seeing the dear old Cathedral again, and returning to my temporary home at Margate by a new route. But there was no help for it, I had had sufficient experience to know that running about on muddy roads in the rain is no fun whatever, so bending to the will of the elements I formed my plans accordingly.

After breakfast I borrowed an umbrella and repaired to the Abbey, where I found three clergymen reading the service to four people (including the verger). This caused me to remember that it is proper to study the exterior of a building first; which I did, being much struck by its great length. I next inspected the part of the nave under restoration; all hands were tinkering away with a will, and seemed to be doing their work very well.

But I would not ship as a parson in that church for "dumps," for how a man is going to make himself heard from the Communion table to the west door is a puzzle to me. Some one had better lend him a speaking trumpet or some new-fangled 'phone or another. Why hailing the flying boom end in a gale o' wind would be nothing to it.

The congregation having come out, I went in.

Mrs. Verger kindly showed me the shrine, which is being put together again, and other objects of interest, which I conclude are well known to my readers; if not, take my advice: go and see them for

yourself; it will repay you; for the massive Norman pillars, the Saxon triform, and the general appearance of both exterior and interior, cannot fail to impress the spectator with the age and solemnity of the edifice.

Mrs. Verger was'nt far wrong when she said that the style of architecture was decidedly "severe."

Being desirous to do homage to Bacon, I made a pilgrimage through the rain and mud to St. Michael's Church; but as the door was closed against me I left that honour for another day.

We took the 1.32 train to London, which my mate once more crossed in his airy billet on the top of a four-wheeler, then catching the Granville express we safely arrived at that healthy watering place, Margate, where Chummy is now hibernating.

Distance run on Cruise No. 1	.	689 miles.
„ „ No. 2	.	442 „
„ „ No. 3	.	296 „
Grand total run	.	1427 „

Distance run in the dark on Cruise No. 1	.	0 miles.
„ „ „ No. 2	.	51 „
„ „ „ No. 3	.	56 „
Grand total run	.	107 „

REMARKS.

On the chance of it being of use to some one, I will jot down my routine on undertaking a journey.

(1.) Study the map, and note down the principal towns and villages on the route.

(2.) Before starting, I carefully examine and oil every part of the machine that requires it; tighten up all the nuts and test them occasionally during the day.

(3.) It is my custom to go easy for the first mile or so, until the muscles are fairly in tune.

(4.) On approaching a hill, I gauge it, and decide whether to "spring" it or to dismount and walk up.

(5.) Directly I begin to feel distressed either in mounting a hill or on heavy ground, I at once get off and walk.

(6.) I have avoided stiffness by being careful never to strain the muscles by undue exertion in spurting, &c.

(7.) My fatigue has been reduced to a minimum by adding the weight of the body to the thrust of the leg in a steady pressure.

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machines, the tricyclist has an undoubted advantage in one way. All the pretty girls *run* out of doors to see him, whereas they won't even take the trouble to walk to the window to look at a bicyclist.

My yarn is spun, and if the contents of these pages give the least pleasure, or are of use to my readers I shall consider myself amply repaid for the time I have taken in preparing them for the press.

FINIS.

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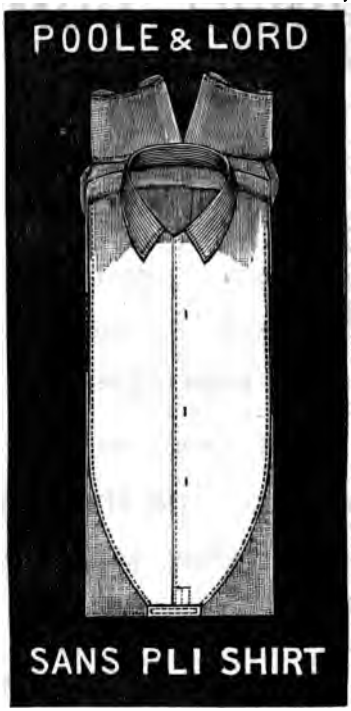

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